THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXVI.—No. 1635

APRIL 17, 1935

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY RACING
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/=

"BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES

OUR JUDGES AT HOME: No. 5. LORD TOMLIN

JOHN JAMESON ★ ★ ★ WHISKEY
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

BOLLINGER
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
CHAMPAGNE
1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

HOTEL LOTTI PARIS
In the Centre of the Shopping district
7, 9, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE
Room and bath from 17/6.
Choice Lunch or Dinner, 6/6.
Telegrams: Otelotti, Paris.
Renowned for its quiet distinction, excellent service and cuisine

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales recently said:—
"I do commend this institution to the Public for their continued assistance, and I would remind them that it is supported by voluntary contributions."
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
have recently admitted the
30,000th CHILD
Every child who enters the Society's Homes or the Training Ship "Arethusa" is fed, clothed and educated, and trained so that he or she becomes not only a good, but useful man or woman.
1,100 Children are always being maintained.
PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO-DAY
(Annual Expenditure £65,000)
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

DEVAL REGD
ENGLISH SPUN SILK TAILORED WASHING FROCKS & BLOUSES
Perfection in Every Detail
OBTAINABLE LEADING OUTFITTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
Enquiries—DEVAL, 75, Newman St., W.1

GRANT'S
...OF RARE MELLOWNESS!
SCOTCH WHISKY

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON 346, Strand, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii.

PLACE AN ORDER NOW FOR YOUR JUBILEE NUMBERS

NOW ON SALE

FIVE SHILLINGS

This Extra Number is apart from the usual issues of this paper, and will, therefore, require a special order. It will rank with the famous Record Numbers published by "The Illustrated London News" in the past. It is bound in a most attractive Special Cover, and it contains Numerous Pages in Full Colours and Gold and Hundreds of Illustrations in Photogravure; with Articles by Famous Writers and Experts.

The price of this Record Number of the King's Twenty-five Years' Reign is Five Shillings. (Including postage and packing): Inland, 5/9; Foreign, 6/1; Canada and Newfoundland, 5/4. If sent by Registered Post, 3d. extra in each case.

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated, in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The Issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist, and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, MR. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC

MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, racehorse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower and Professor J. B. Robertson.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given. In addition a handsome coloured plate of His Majesty's well-known Clumber Spaniel "Sandringham Spark" will be presented with this issue.

This will be the first of a series of FAMOUS DOGS which will be given away in subsequent numbers.

The issue will contain a number of beautiful coloured plates showing the King yachting and racing, and a set of privately taken and hitherto unpublished photographs of His Majesty shooting, the publication of which the King has graciously permitted in The SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS.

YOU ARE ADVISED TO PLACE DEFINITE ORDERS IN ADVANCE FOR THESE SILVER JUBILEE NUMBERS

Readers, and especially those readers who live overseas, are advised to order their copies NOW from newsagent or bookstall, or from our publishing office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. This is necessary to avoid disappointment, as the demand will certainly exceed the supply, very large as that supply will be.

The TATLER, The SKETCH, BYSTANDER

These popular favourites will be issued on the ordinary day of publication (Wednesday) in the weeks before, during and after the Jubilee Celebrations. These will sell at the usual price of One Shilling.

The Bystander, April 17, 1935

No. 1635. Vol. CXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

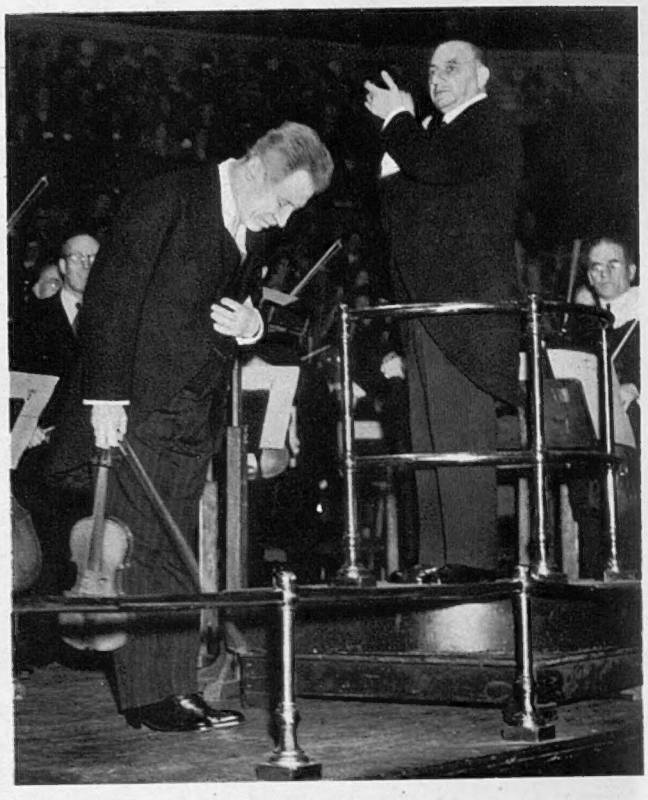
THEY LOVE TO DANCE: FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers always smile when they dance, but when they sit out on the stairs, it seems they can look pretty serious. This gay and well-matched dancing team were photographed on the set in Radio's studio while they were making "Roberta," which is due to be shown in London during the next week or two. "Roberta" was the great musical comedy success of last year on Broadway, and its best tune, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," was everyone's favourite here last autumn. The number Fred and Ginger were rehearsing goes to the song, "I'll Be Hard to Handle"

Pictures and Music

Left: Dr. Malcolm Sargent at the Down-and-Outs charity matinée at the Gaiety last week with Miss Mary Windsor Lewis. He is conducting the Good Friday performance of Handel's "Messiah" at the Albert Hall

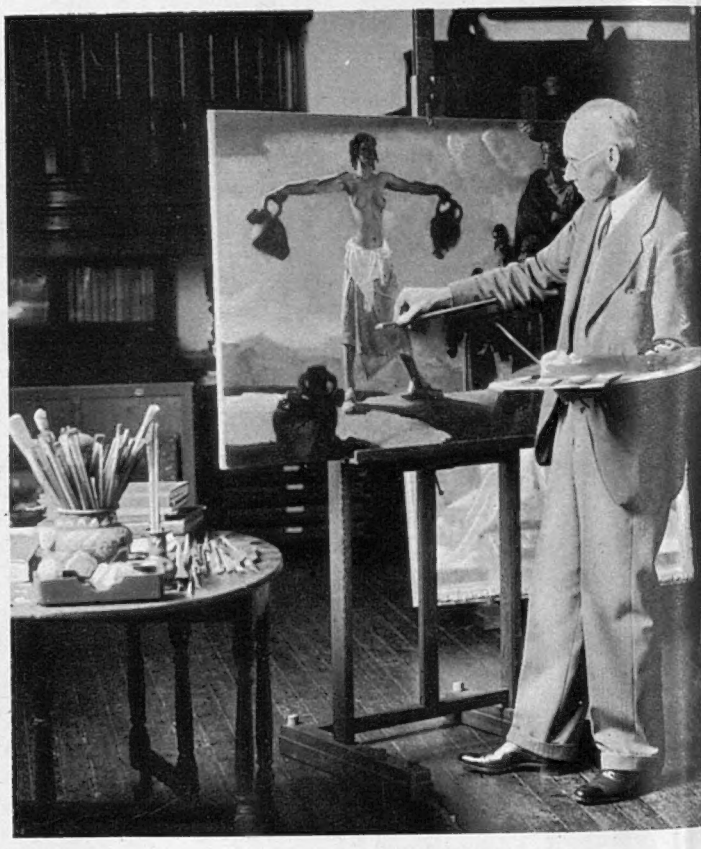
Right: Fritz Kreisler bowing to the wild applause of his fans at the Albert Hall. Sir Landon Ronald, who conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra at Kreisler's concert, is on the right



Kreisler's Albert Hall Bow

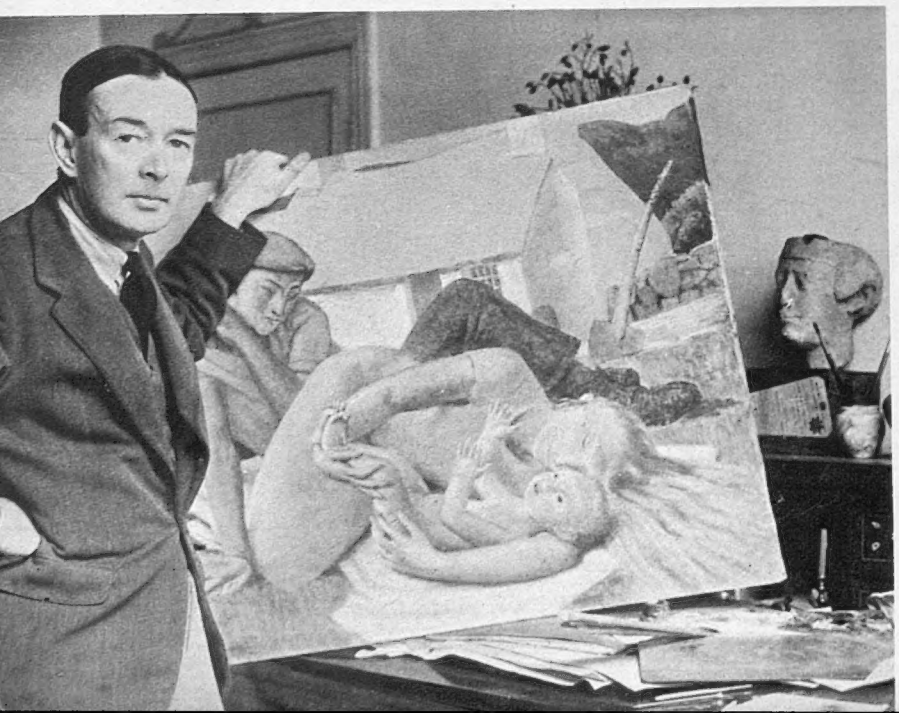
Getting "The Ring" Ready

Dr. Otto Erhardt, who is producing "Der Ring" at Covent Garden this year, was photographed with Tilly Losch on the stage at the Royal Opera House while the "Siegfried" set was being tried out



A Picture for the Academy

Russell Flint working in his studio on Campden Hill on one of the two pictures he has sent to the Academy this year. He became an R.A. in 1933



Left: another artist getting ready for sending-in day last week. Ernest Proctor, who is an A.R.A., was photographed with one of his pictures for the 1935 Exhibition at Burlington House

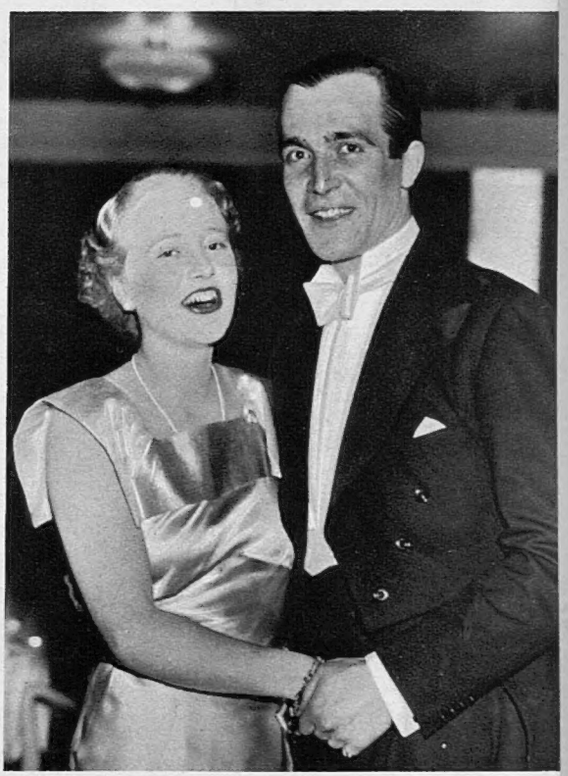
The London Roundabout

Two Stars in a Famous Family Constellation

Phyllis Neilson Terry and her mother, Julia Neilson, were photographed at the Duke of York's première. Julia Neilson, whose husband was the late Fred Terry, was the original Lady Blakeney when "The Scarlet Pimpernel" was first dramatised, thirty years ago

A First Night at the Duke of York's

Above: Lady Annaly, Lady Lathom, and Mrs. Cazenove went to see Vernon Sylvaine's play, "... And a Woman Passed By," on its opening night at the Duke of York's last week



Engaged Couple

Miss Peg Hacking, Mr. Douglas Hacking's daughter, and her fiancé, Mr. George Waller, were dancing together at the Oxford University Boat Club's Ball at Grosvenor House on Boat Race night

The First Drink for Months

Both Boat Race crews went to the Oxford University Boat Club's ball after the race was over, and left the days of their strict training well behind them. In this party are C. G. F. Bryan, the Oxford cox, E. E. D. Tomlin, Oxford's No. 3, A. V. Sutcliffe, the Oxford stroke, W. G. R. M. Laurie, the Cambridge stroke, and R. Hope, Oxford's bow

The Boat Race Eve Ball

Right: George Robey and Sir Harry Brittain, the chairman of the Ball, presenting a jeroboam of champagne to the winners of a raffle. On the left are Mr. F. Firebrace, Dr. Hamilton, and Miss Hollebone, and standing behind Sir Harry Brittain is Miss Georgie Henschel. The Boat Race Eve Ball was held at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Dominion Students' Athletic Union and the National Union of Students

Parties for Two in Hollywood

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford

These two have been rumoured engaged for some time; they 'll each have lots of fans to wish them happy if it comes off. Franchot Tone has collected not a few with his French-Canadian charm in "The World Moves On" and "Bengal Lancer." He and Joan Crawford were dining at the Cocoanut Grove when they were photographed; standing between them is Jimmie Manos, a popular Hollywood maître d'hôtel

Fritz Lang and Marlene Dietrich

Fritz Lang is one of the innumerable brilliant film directors who have come out of Germany. Just for a change, he and Marlene Dietrich went to see a stage play together. Her new film, "The Devil is a Woman," is finished, and must now be on its way to a London cinema

Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian

Left: Warner Baxter, with his hair curled and his dress-clothes on, was lunching at the Assistance League, next-door to the Fox Studios, in the middle of making his new film, "The 'Cisco Kid." He has that same rôle in it as made his popular name in "In Old Arizona." Ketti Gallian is the French film-actress who had her first Hollywood starring part in "Marie Galante"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 98

Herbert Smith

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

IF Herbert Smith hadn't a sense of patient humour he would certainly not be in the position he occupies to-day. Whenever you read of huge library deals after a first night, you know it is Herbert Smith who has made the deal. All seen, he has witnessed six thousand first nights, and cannot estimate the millions he has spent wisely in order to be able to say, "*You* want best seats. *We* have them." Yet he still smiles and seldom yawns at a première.

Early reactions being always the strongest motives in after-life, it is not surprising to learn that the managing-director of Keith Prowse came of a very puritanical household at Ilford, and did not see his first play until the age of nineteen. This was *Charley's Aunt*; the second being *The Sign of the Cross*. To-day, for managers waylaying him after a first night, he has three regular phrases. They are: "My dear fellow, that is out of the question"; "I'm sorry, but I've got my wife waiting downstairs"; and "Jolly good show. I will ring you up in the morning." Another favourite is "Good gracious! Is there so much money in the world?" As he says it he massages his forehead with his left hand, or sucks the little finger of his right hand. His favourite theatre is the Saville. His favourite play is *By Candle Light*. But though he often waits to see what the Press notices will be, he does not pay much attention to them.

HE does not regard it a point in its favour if a play is a costume affair. Neither does he pay great heed to the name of the author, however illustrious. He can distinguish exactly between polite and enthusiastic applause at a first night. When he is not at a first night he stays at home and reads or listens to the latest numbers on the air or on the gramophone. But his real idea of bliss is to smoke a pipe and watch his wife gardening.

In business hours he is as cool when he makes an original deal of thirty-six thousand pounds (which he did with *Yes, Madam?*) as when he refuses to make any offer (which he did after the first night of *Journey's End*). Whatever time he goes to bed he gets up at 7.30 a.m., and keeps as far away as possible from the theatre when he is on his holidays. This summer, with the Jubilee and all its attendant seats and sights, he will be busier than he ever has been since the day he joined the firm at six shillings a week, as an office-boy, forty years ago.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Universal Aunt

How did a gentleman meet every emergency in 1860? With brandy! The Duke of Hampshire (A. Scott-Gatty)

"The Aunt of England" (Savoy)

I AM sure that this play, by Cosmo Hamilton and Anthony Gibbs, will hit the public taste, for it has many ingredients of success. For instance, there is nothing the average theatre-goer loves more than to be shown how the great live, whether the picture be modern or historical, true or false; and in *The Aunt of England* the authors have been even more generous than Mr. Lloyd George with their titles. Collected together on the stage of the Savoy are "skions" of the Nobility, all as large as life and very nearly as natural; and, considering the litter of strawberry-leaves there is on the stage, it seems affected modesty to decorate the programme with the coronet of a mere Earl!

ALL these good folk are living in 1860, and the interest centres round the venerable Dowager Duchess, a tyrant of tyrants, who appears to dictate the policy of the country, rule her descendants with a rod of iron, and yet one who, before the curtain falls, shows herself to possess a heart of gold—if a heart of that substance could ever melt. Anyway, the Dowager Duchess's heart does melt sufficiently to allow her to rescue a grand-daughter from an unhappy marriage and become an accessory before the act to an elopement with an organist, who has dared to put the Lady Victoria in the family way, so oblivious was he to the distance in their stations—Victoria and Wandsworth Common, so to speak.

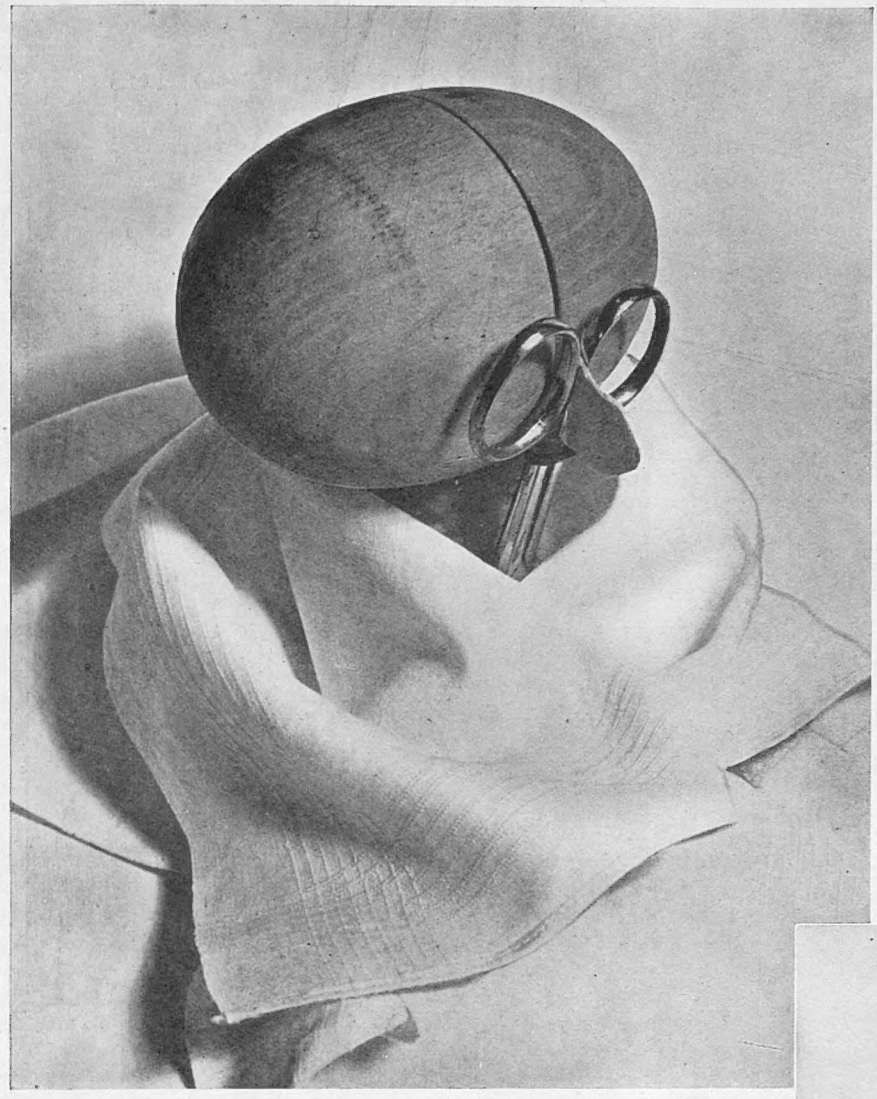
I DOUBT whether the Dowager Duchess would really have used the "refeened" phrase, "interesting condition," in connection with this rather unfortunate affair, for the old lady was usually more than plain-spoken; but then, throughout the play those possessed of a sensitive ear may question the accuracy of the dialogue, and wonder whether the 1860 note has always been struck. "Nouveau art," for instance, has a modern tang to it, while to describe sherry as "tiddley" may be in the period, but should be avoided as savouring too much of the modern charlady's mode of speech.

But such tiny blots on the 'scutcheon will not stop the great B.P. filling the Savoy Theatre, admiring the colourful production, applauding Haidée Wright's picture of the Dowager, noting how A. Scott-Gatty plays a Duke to the manner born, sympathising with the Lady Victoria of Thea Holme, and the organist lover of Barry K. Barnes.—VERNON WOODHOUSE.

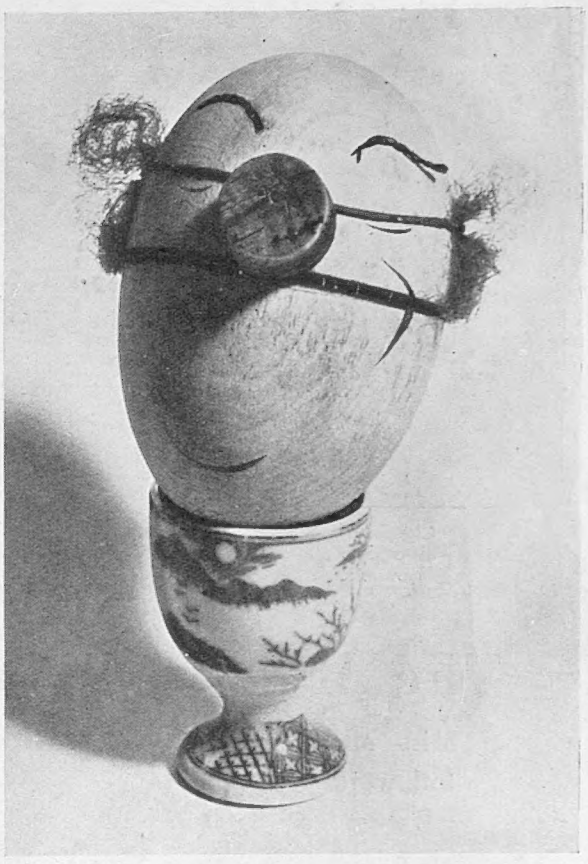
A Whig and a Tory M.P.: George Alton (Robert Mawdesley) and Viscount Warnham (Harold Warrender)

Sketches by Rouson

The eloping lovers, Valentine D'Arcy (Barry K. Barnes) and Lady Victoria (Thea Holme), receive the blessing of the Dowager Duchess of Hampshire (Haidée Wright), an old lady whose bark is worse than her bite



Gandhi



Grock

Three Easter Eggs

A New Way of Making Pictures of Famous Men

These amusing, if not altogether flattering, "caricatures" are by an artist who is working in this original medium under the initials, "W.B." Wooden Easter eggs are the foundation of his picture-making, garnished with such oddments as corks, scissors, a silk tassel; the whole, cleverly photographed, producing a surprisingly apt likeness to his involuntary "sitter"

Hitler

The "Bystander's" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (13th Year) at Ganton

Captain W. A. Worsley, captain of the Ganton Club, presenting the cups to the winners of the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees

The Holders Win Again!

Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees follow the example of M. R. Gardner in the "Bystander" £500 Trophy, and repeat their victory of last year. Miss B. Newell and Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp were the Runners-Up

By Eleanor E. Helme

The Same Winners Again

Another picture of the winners with their cups. Holders for the second year in succession, Miss Mary Johnson (Hornsea) and Miss Barbara Lees (Huddersfield)

DEAR BYSTANDER,

You know by now that Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees won the Northern Foursomes at Ganton, beating Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Bridget Newell, J.P., by 3 and 1 in the final. What I do not know is whether the saying, "To have and to hold," originated in Yorkshire. But, at all events, the doing of it belongs there, for this business of the holders winning has only once happened before, and then it was another Yorkshire pair who won, Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw getting their names on the cup in both 1930, at Alwoodley, and 1931, at Woodhall Spa. It was thoroughly deserved. I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Mary Johnson was the best player in the field, and that there are, in fact, very few where she would not be in the first flight. Long and straight she was before, and a great holer of long putts; this year she has added to her armoury approach putts so dead that holing-out is a formality, at the same time keeping her ability to sink those of some two yards left her by good shots up to the hole or by only moderate putting on the part of her ally. Don't run away with the idea from this that Miss Lees kept on failing to get her dead. Just you take a journey yourself to Ganton in a gale and a blizzard, and see if you can always put your partner dead! Only the ultra-gifted, like Miss Johnson and Miss Hartopp, did it. As for Miss Lees, she contributed any number of brilliant shots, and she seems to inspire Miss Johnson to play her best.

The Runners-Up

Miss B. Newell and Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp with the prizes they won as runners-up in the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes. In the eighteen-hole final they were beaten 3 and 1

The runners-up were much the same kind of combination; Miss Cradock-Hartopp uniformly sound and reliable, a partner whom anyone might envy: Miss Newell brilliant, contributing shots that no one could have bettered, and then lapsing. To listen to the comments by the Ganton gallery, who watched the final in a state of ecstasy, such a standard of golf had seldom been seen there before—certainly not since the English championship that Miss Wethered won there a dozen years ago. It was lucky that the men who figured in the last stages of their English two years ago could not have heard the downright comparisons between these four girls and themselves.

A third short-handicap pair reached the semi-finals—Mrs. M. L. Clarke and Mrs. Hugh Percy. Some were backing them to win. They collapsed in the semi-final, to the dismay of all who were expecting a battle of giants between them and Miss Johnson's side.

The remaining semi-finalists, Miss Martin, of Goswick, and Miss Greenwood, of Windermere, were splendid illustrations of the truism that you never know what you can do till you try. Miss Greenwood had never been in for an open meeting until she adventured to Ganton, and the way she kept her end up in front of spectators and against Miss Hartopp and Miss Newell was quite remarkable. Miss Martin hit the ball a long way and was a tower of strength; though only a twelve handicap, it is quite possible to imagine her doing some execution at the bottom of the Northumberland team. At all events, the pair are going to try again in the Scottish Foursomes. By the way, these are at Moray, which is the official title of Lossiemouth, and Lossiemouth may be reached at 11.30 a.m. if you leave London at 7.30 the night before.

To get back to Ganton and take up the chronicle which paused at the end of the second day.

(*Continued on page 128*)

Sheltering from the Hail

Mrs. A. W. Smith (Worsley), Mrs. F. Hall (Kirk-Ella), Mrs. C. Edmeston (Worsley), and Mrs. O. Shipstone (Kirk-Ella)

Golf Fashions—New and Old

Mrs. C. Sutcliffe and Miss J. Lister (Huddersfield), and Mrs. F. Soppitt (Baildon) make the pace hot to keep warm

Left: Mrs. F. M. King (Ganton), Miss J. M. Greenwood (Windermere), Miss A. D. Martin (Goswick), and Miss M. King (Ganton)

Ganton Gallants

Stormy Weather Encountered in the "Bystander" Northern Foursomes

Left: Miss M. Cheatle and Mrs. A. E. Watson (Stanmore), and Mrs. Harold Yates and Mrs. F. T. Pollitt (Worsley)

Discussing a Shot Which Lost a Hole

Mrs. Donald Eadie (Wilmslow) and Miss Gradwell (Frilford) undecided to play the ball, which stopped near the fence. Their opponents, Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp and Miss B. Newell (Cavendish), look on

Left: Mrs. Hugh Percy (Alnmouth), Mrs. M. L. Clarke (Hayling), Miss M. Wick, and Miss A. Copeland (Beverley and East Riding)

Far left: Mrs. Frost and Miss G. M. Davies (Hornsea) brave the elements with the aid of umbrellas

CIRCLING the SQUARES

No. 5. Berkeley Square: By MIRÓN

BERKELEY SQUARE, that corner of England that is for ever Hollywood, with the ghost of Leslie Howard intruding into the eighteenth-century scene in that charming but preposterous film, and the play on which it was based, has a tender chic of its own, and a special place in our affections. As a Square it is already a trifle unreal, itself a ghost among the Squares of London; but even Morris House, as with most of our new buildings, looking like a Model Prison, and the coming of trade on the eastern side fail to destroy the atmosphere.

But it will not be with us for long in its present shape, and only the world crisis has postponed the building of the enormous Canadian Pacific hotel, by which time it will resemble Washington Square in New York, where Mr. "Bengy" Guinness once held fast to an eighteenth-century house wedged between skyscrapers. Internationally the most famous of our Squares, it is one of the oldest and most aristocratic, and the oldest house in it is No. 45, still the house of the Clives, with the Earl of Powis's brass name-plate (worn and illegible) on the door, the only such plate in town, if we except the doctors'. The original wrought-iron link-extinguishers remain, and it still looks out on the original plane-trees, planted in 1759 on ground once favoured by snipe.

A curious point is that there has always been some trading here, for there were small shops on the north side in 1805, and Gunter's cakes, and Sharp's Library have been on their present sites almost since the beginning. Outside Gunter's, carriages-and-pairs waited by the railings while ices were brought out to be enjoyed under the trees—in the memory of many living. No mention of the Square would be complete without a reference to Capt. Arundell Clarke, who has effected an amusing transformation of the eastern side, and most of Bruton Street, into a quarter of extremely elegant businesses, reminding one of the Faubourg Saint Honoré and its tributaries. In Paris, princesses sell books; here dukes sell eggs, and peeresses fresh flowers; while prominent hostesses, like Lady Colefax and Mrs. Syrie Maugham, lend the authority of their experience to interior decoration.

● JOHN EVELYN, who helped to lay out the Square in a corner of the gardens of Berkeley House, near the old Hay Hill Farm, felt sad, as we do to-day, "that this sweet plan should be so much straitened and turned into tenements." Most of the houses were bought by speculators in 1736, a few years after Berkeley House was destroyed by fire, to be replaced by Devonshire House. The Lansdownes, from their lordly house, continued to dominate the Square. The most impressive house to-day is Lord Rosebery's, at 38, though externally it has been recased in an unpleasant brick. Many of his wonderful pictures help to make it a fine sight on the occasion of a party, and we still remember Lady Rosebery's splendid ball last year. Lord Chatham lived at 6, to-day Princess Paul Troubetzkoy's; and to 11 Horace Walpole moved from Arlington Street in 1777, to die here twenty years later, leaving it to Lady

Top: Captain Arundell Clarke

Below: Lord Mildmay of Flete

Below: Mr. Dudley Docker

Bottom: Mr. Arthur Bendir

A view of Berkeley Square (in the right-hand corner), above, Park Lane on the left centre, and Piccadilly run-

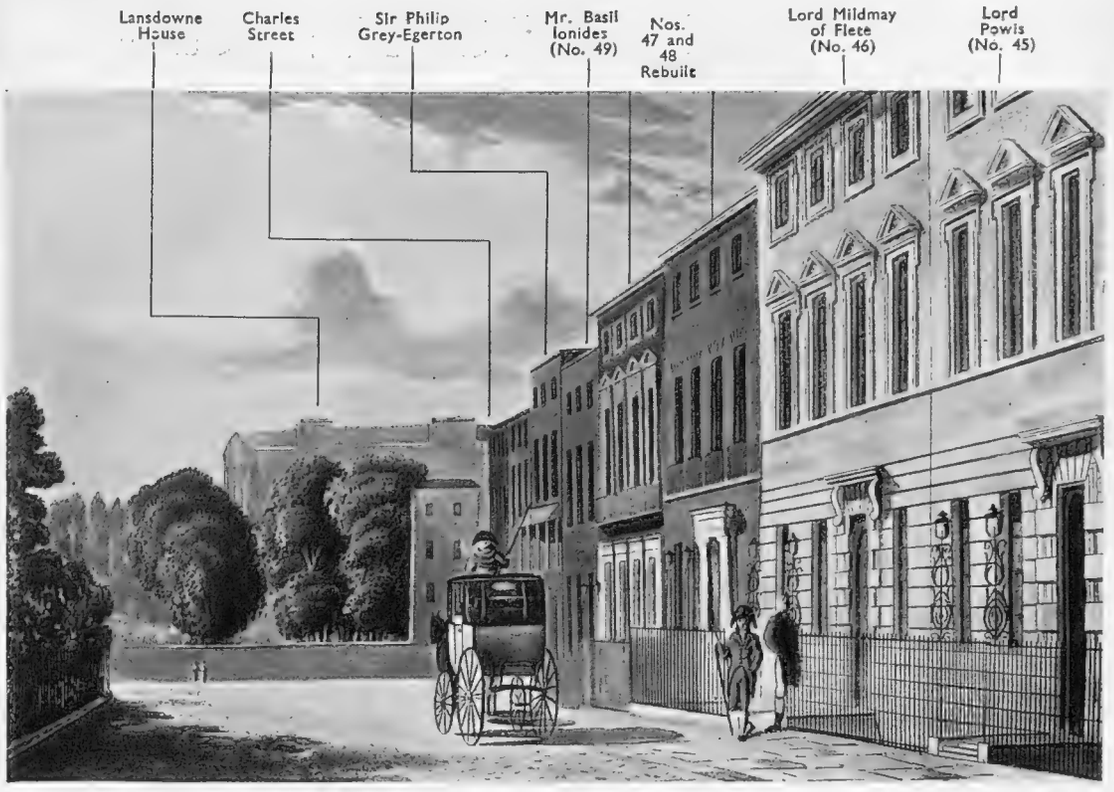
Waldegrave, his niece. She had a famous struggle for the guardianship of Minnie Seymour, great-grandmother of our Lord Portarlington and youngest child of Lord Hugh Seymour, whose executors preferred Lady Waldegrave to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who had been specially asked by the late parents. Mrs. Fitzherbert won, her husband, George IV., having also taken very much to the child; but meanwhile Lady Waldegrave had been so certain of winning that she snatched the house back from her tenants, and loudly announced that little Minnie was coming to stay with her. . . .

THE prettiest interior is 44, Mr. Wyndham Clarke's, next door to Lord Powis, and built for Lady Isabella Finch, in 1745, by Kent, who built Devonshire House. Walpole said of the staircase that "it is as beautiful as a piece of scenery and, considering the space, of art, as can be imagined." Lady Isabella used to watch the arrival of the guests from a small room on the landing, for this was before the custom became usual of the hostess receiving at the top of the stairs. The principal drawing-room ceiling is by Zucchi, en grisaille, and around are mirrors and satin panels encased by frames of small hexagonal pieces of mirror. Here came Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (who later died at 21, now a flower-shop) to some very heavy card-parties, Walpole grimly describing one of them as "a funeral loo." It was in the Powis' house that the great Clive ended his wonderful career by laudanum, a tremendous shock to society.

It was at 38, now Lord Rosebery's, that the only wedding in the Square took place—that of Lady Sarah Fane, the Westmorlands' lovely daughter, and the fifth Earl of Jersey. She led London chic from this house and from Osterley for fifty years, and it was from this same house that her mother had eloped with Lord Westmorland in 1782. . . .

THE Berkeley Square Mystery—and very mysterious it was, for it is impossible to get precise details—is based on 50, now Sir Philip Grey-Egerton's. Here the "Hon Miss Curzon" died at the age of ninety, in 1859, and the house remained haunted and unlettable for twenty-one years. In 1872, Lord Lyttelton said: "It is quite true that there is a house in Berkeley Square, No. 50, said to be haunted and long unoccupied on that account. There are strange stories about it . . ." Next door, 49, is the house

from the air. Grosvenor Square is ning off the base from the left to righ



A picture of Berkeley Square in 1816, from a coloured print of Papworth's Select Views, a copy of which is in the Guildhall Library

of the Hon. Mrs. Basil Ionides, a great collector of Chinese porcelains, sister of Lord Bearsted and wife of a very original architect. No. 48 was Lord de Grey's, who let it to Lord Brougham, a great Lord Chancellor but the worst of tenants. His landlord had difficulty in getting him out, finding the house in a dreadful state. At 25 is a Nest of Millionaires, a block of flats built on the site of Thomas's Hotel, a rival to Claridge's and Brown's in Victorian times, where the famous meeting between Gladstone, Parnell, and O'Shea took place. Thomas's was made up of houses in one of which Fox once lived with Perdita Robinson, abandoned mistress of the Prince Regent.

To-day's residents at 25 include Lord Woolavington, grand old man of the Turf, and Mr. Dudley Docker, the transport magnate, who can see his offices over Thomas Cook's on the skyline.

In one of the houses near by, the Prince Regent, then Prince of Wales, often dined with the Clermonts, who had the best chef in the Square, a clever couple who succeeded in keeping in with the King and Queen at the same time. Here the Duchess of Devonshire slept in terror on a drawing-room sofa during the Gordon Riots.

Important residents of to-day yet to be mentioned include Lord Queenborough and Lady Baillie; Lord Mildmay of Flete, and Mr. Arthur Bendir.

Lord Queenborough

Lord Rosebery

Lady Rosebery

Lord Powis

Lord Woolavington

JUSTICE UNROBED: Our Judges at Home

No. 5. Lord Tomlin

LORD TOMLIN is not a showy Judge. You never read of him firing off an epigram, or making a joke in court. He is, however, a brilliant Judge. His métier is to deal with the heavy case, where facts (about anything), points of law, figures, and documents in stacks have to be mastered and correlated. When at the Bar he never appeared in cases of newspaper interest, and so acquired no public reputation; but the soundness of his work as the Government counsel on the Chancery side brought him into great repute amongst experts. After being a Judge of the Chancery Division for a short time he was, like Lord Wright, promoted straight to the House of Lords, where he plays a leading part. He it was who presided over the Commission to make awards to inventors whose inventions were used by the Government during the Great War; and he was also chairman of an important committee on the Civil Service. Quiet, judicial, balanced, he takes time to make up his mind, but once convinced, he is as firm as a rock. A pleasant companion.

Next Week: Lord Wright

Lord Tomlin at Clifton Place

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

PROTESTS following a grim little execution incident at Montreal the other day, when the executioner misjudged the length of his rope, curiously echo similar complaints in past ages, chiefly involving lack of craftsmanship with the axe. Nervousness or barracking from the crowd often led to a foozle on the headsman's part, which was the reason the excellent Dr. Guillotine first proposed the adoption of a humane machine. We remember reading of a case in a little town in Burgundy, in the seventeenth century where the headsman, trembling with nerves, made such a hash of it—having first, as the custom was, formally asked his client's pardon—that the crowd stoned him, and he burst into tears, offering to take his client's place. After appealing for fair play once more, he tried again, failed, and ran like a hare. His wife, a tough girl, took his place and also bungled the job, and the infuriated crowd caught them and lynched them both at the foot of the scaffold. If beheading is ever revived generally, as it has been in Germany, the authorities should employ huge women champion golfers. Nothing short of an earthquake would put those babies off their stroke.

Which Reminds Us—

THE spectacular element, which Dr. Johnson approved, pleased the execution public in the old days, and can still draw a good audience. Do you remember the ceremonial hanging of the ex-Kaiser, just after the late war? Mr. Lloyd George's solemn war-time promise to the Nation was carried out in a manner which did credit to everybody. Remember the politicians prancing on their Arab steeds down Whitehall, amid the cheers of the populace? Remember the gorgeous scaffold just outside the War Office? And the musical selections by the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards? And the dignified grace of the august victim? And the fireworks? And Mr. Lloyd George's fiery speech after the ceremony, saying he was a man of his word, damme, if nothing else? That was a day, chaps.

Vox Inhumana

THE unenviable character of the Victorian village organist was made pretty clear in a play we saw the other night. Lady Jane (we forget if that was her name) was suddenly discovered to be in what Fleet Street coyly calls "a certain condition." Sure as death, the Lothario was the village organist.

This artist had a pretty good run during the nineteenth century, taking over from the hearty young Squire of the century preceding. There he sat on Sundays, the smug, oily dog, twiddling away at the stops and making a hash of Bunnett in B flat, while his victims hushed their nurselings to sleep in the back pews. He was a very cynical piece of news indeed; but he filled a place in English village life. Few ripe rural characters have survived the Machine Age except him and the village schoolmistress, who spent all her evenings patiently writing anonymous letters accusing the principal inhabitants of crimes unmentionable. She seems still to be going as strong as ever, but the organist has somewhat declined. We imagine wireless and cheap gramophones have deprived him of his fatal lure.

We once used to live in a village where the only trouble with the organist, a reedy, anxious lady, was that she was pestered by imaginary black butterflies practically all the year round. Also, the rural inhabitants were given to bigamy, which—pliable as most Oxford men are—grieved the Vicar, a gentle, dazed old philatelist, whose existence was further complicated by a Coloured Potentate (with wives and/or concubines) at the Manor and a curate who was "High." So life in that incumbency was no slice of cherry-pie, you may wager.

"Now, how did that happen?"

We Were Shattered

SKIMMING casually the latest New York literary supplements, to see what the clever booksy boys and girls are up to over there, we perceived that modern American literature has our native industry knocked cold once more. Among the usual attractive welter of new novels full of suicide, madness, rape, sex-mania, repressions, frigidity, sadism, paranoia, and homicide—lines which our own boys and girls can supply as promptly and well as anybody—comes Mr. William Faulkner with a fine new opus in which everybody is not only almost continuously drinking, drooling, wolfing food, slobbering, and reeling, but almost continuously sick as well. "Probably establishes a record," reports the *Herald Tribune* reviewer, "for the amount

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 27.—Victor Bridges

TAKE a bloke who 's just " done time "
For another fellow's crime,
Because his cousin proved a double-twister ;
Take a girl so sweet and pure
That ere long it 's very sure
He 'll love her more than he could love his sister.

Trot them off to Essex, where
There 's a lonely pied à terre
Which our hero uses when he goes out yachting.
And then introduce a crew
Of tough guys and gunmen who,
With aforesaid cousin, do some dirty plotting.

Introduce a cheerful friend
Who is loyal to the end,
And then season with adventures tense and thrilling
Which conclude with wedding-bells
And the villains' dirgeful knells
When the handsome hero's made a double killing.

But you must not think you 'll write
In the polished style so bright
Through which good Mr. Bridges quickly clicked ; or
Expect that you will shine
In this far from easy line
For there 's no one who can hold the palm with
Victor ! B. W.

" Aesthete ! "

" The wife kept me awake all night because she heard mice "

of vomiting it records, there being at least one major upheaval in each of the seven chapters, and many minor landslides." That ought to make some of our writing girls who care for Art sit up and gnash their pearly teeth. Fancy their never thinking of that ! (Nor did Jane Austen, the big sissy.)

One master-theme still remains unhandled, and whenever we meet a booksy girl we urge it earnestly. We want a long, long novel about a misunderstood girl who is so cross and rebellious with Life that she drinks her own blood every day, out of spite. Pages and pages and lyrical pages of the real stuff, and the almost dead certainty of Mr. Gerald Gould's passing away with ecstasy on the day of publication. What about it, sweethearts ?

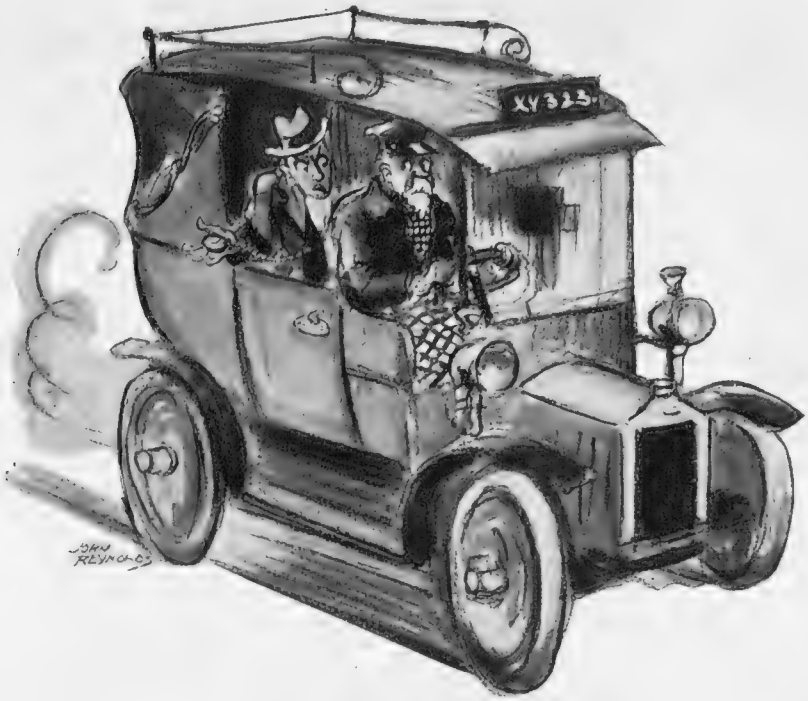
In the Soup Again, Dammit !

WHILE we sit here, snug in the middle of London, sipping curious drinks and toying with the rich women, the 2nd Battalion of our old regiment, thousands of miles away in the blinding sunlight of the Khyber Pass, is fighting and dying under the Gaumont-British flag, as we gather from somebody in the film world. A Kipling film is being made, and the brigadier commanding the Landi Khotal Brigade has, as might be expected, detailed our regiment to go out and fight Shinwari tribesmen with blank ammunition under the sun all day long. That 's what has always happened to our mob. Tough, dirty jobs, and we 'll bet they won't even get a decent mention in Gaumont-British despatches for it, either. It 'll turn out to be the London Scottish.

We don't know what the Gaumont-British flag looks like (unless it features the Shield of David), but if any of the Shinwari, who like ball ammunition and use it constantly, make a mistake, we hope the proper honours will be rendered. We also hope Jessie Matthews will be gazetted Honorary Colonel, with those great big goo-goo eyes. And as for the regimental goat, we think it ought to be given the male lead in whatever historical film is next on the Gaumont-British production-list. It 's got a perfect film-face.

Ooo-ooo-ooo !

A SWEET little whimsy story about Sir James Barrie, having tea recently with Princess Margaret Rose (" as he often does "), being given an idea for his new Bergner play by the little Princess, sending her twopence for royalties, and getting a letter in return from Princess Elizabeth asking if this twopence was payment outright, or whether it would be paid for each performance—this little story slipped somehow into a London evening



" Watcha doing—running it in ? "

paper recently. No doubt some fairy press-agent has been at work again.

The most efficient firm of fairy press-agents in London used to be Roguey and Poguey, Ltd., who lived on butterflies' tears in a hollow tree in Kensington Gardens, and did quite a bit of publicity for Mr. A. A. Milne at one time. One could often see them flying to and fro between Kensington and Fleet Street, dweffle 'cited and whispering all sorts of sweet, cuddly things into the great, red ears of critics as they played hide-and-seek round the principal bars. They made quite a hit in London, but not so much of a hit with that awful Dorothy Parker, who was then reviewing books for the *New Yorker*. Mrs. Parker just candidly fwowed up, and admitted as much in print. They had a tough time, also, when they took over Sir James Barrie's publicity, because the author of *Peter Pan* was always hiding from them, in his arch manner. This made Roguey and Poguey so cross and 'tired that they eventually gave up drinking butterflies' tears and took to whisky, like the other press-agents, but more desperately. You could see them reeling round the Gardens after closing-time, hiccuping fairy curses at the elves and tittle-mice. This did them no good in the whimsy world, and their connection soon fell off. They are now in the film business. Their last big news story in the Press was about Tinker Bell and Wendy biting George Arliss's toes before every big picture " for luck." All the national dailies featured it on their principal page, except *The Times*, which gave it a measly three lines under " Arrangements for To-day."

And now we think we 'll just wun away and hide wound a waspbewwy bush, for fun.

Fugue for Two Voices

BEING at the very gates of Easter—and what would we not give to be under the orange-trees at Seville at this very moment!—we are moved to relate an extraordinary conversation we overheard in the glorious Chapel of the High Constable of Castile in the Cathedral at Burgos one Holy Thursday, a few years ago.

The solemn liturgical ceremonies of the Mandatum were over in the great choir, the crowd had nearly dispersed, and we heard two female English voices behind us :

" Well, it was Mr. Taylor's fault, after all."

" Well, I don't know. She ought never to have told Aunt Aggie."

" I 'm not surprised, though. Him and his engines! Whatever did the Boltons say ? "

" Tck, tck, tck, how you *do* go on about the Boltons, dear! Did you hear what they did to Mrs. Watson ? They——"

We never heard what the Boltons did to Mrs. Watson, for the voices passed on and were lost in the crowd, with the two pale, plain, intent faces attached to them. But we jotted down this marvellous conversation the same day, for such was our exalted mood that Mr. Taylor and Aunt Aggie, the unknown gentleman with the engines, the Boltons, and Mrs. Watson seemed to us, at that moment and in that place, figures more fantastic and incredible and sinister than any gargoyles which ever sprang from the flowering of the Gothic genius.

Every word of this is true, and every Easter it returns to us, a fresh, enduring marvel, with a vision of the high Capilla del Condestable, one of the glories of Christian Spain.

Racket

THE debutante market for the Jubilee Season, as we gather from our own Mayfair spies, is pretty brisk. Moreover, many dowagers are now offering delayed-payment terms which compete very favourably with the cheap furniture people's £5 down buys £100 worth, generally.

We asked a busy dowager of our acquaintance, who has about ten debs to shoe-horn into Society this season, what happens if monthly payments lapse on the eve of a Court. She said that if no notice is taken of the final (red) demand, delivered by hand, a couple of polite but steely flunkeys collect the deb as she steps out of the family car, and return her to her shamefaced parents.

We asked if there was any " funny business " in the racket nowadays. She said no, barring the gangs of dowagers who prowl Mayfair exacting the customary 50 per cent. for " protection." The chief gang-leader is known as " Asiatic Annie," and she never descends to force. Just one lift of those redoubtable eyebrows and the dough is hers.

THE BYSTANDERS.

" Well, well ; how 's every little thing ? "

Young Mothers and their First Babies

Right

The Hon. Mrs. Thomas Talbot and Her Daughter

The Hon. Mrs. Talbot is Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne's younger daughter, and was the Hon. Cynthia Guest before her marriage in 1933. Her husband is the only son of the Hon. Sir George Talbot, and a barrister. Their daughter was born last January. They have an attractive house in Chester Terrace, overlooking Regent's Park

Photographs by Lenare and Peter North

Below: Mrs. John Coats, who was Betsan Horlick, and is the younger of Sir Peter Horlick's two sisters, married John Coats, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coats, of Sundrum, Ayrshire, in 1933. Her son, Christopher, was born in November. The late Sir Ernest Horlick, her father, died last year, when her brother succeeded as third Baronet

Lady Revelstoke and Her Son John

Lord and Lady Revelstoke's son and heir was born on December 2nd last year, and was christened John. Lady Revelstoke, before her marriage, was Florence Fermor-Hesketh, and is Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh's younger daughter. She and her husband, who succeeded to his title in 1933, have a house in Bryanston Square; their place in Ireland is Lambay Island, Co. Dublin

Mrs. John Coats and Christopher

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Swaebe

A Bathing-Dress Rehearsal

Rose Eden, Sir Timothy and Lady Eden's daughter, and Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger's Zoe being rehearsed by Mrs. Gerald Glover for the reception last week in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, at which there was a mannequin parade of children's bathing-dresses

Right: Miss Tirzah Clifton, Miss Eileen Dawson, and Miss Roma Ahern were three of the programme-sellers at the matinée in aid of the Down-and-Outs at the Gaiety last week

Swaebe

The Stricklands at Home

Mr. Claude Strickland and his wife, Lady Marguerite Strickland, were photographed at their flat in Duke Street. Their wedding was last year; they are among the most restaurant-minded of the young-marrieds at the moment

Page Greaves

They Sold Charity Programmes

"NEUF-rouge-impair-et-manque." It makes you feel quite at home when I talk like this, which is worrying, because I had hoped, during Easter week, to regale you with some exclusive ecclesiastical news. After all, this is your Mayfair parish magazine, and though the rôle of Vicar to you all (I cannot think what your confessions would be like!) is beyond my powers, I feel it incumbent to direct your ears at this season of the year to the boom of the organ rather than the chink of the chips. Still, several of you will not escape the vox humana stop if you take your wives to Le Touquet and have a squint at somebody else's.

LAST week was altogether very worrying, with the conference at Stresa—though spring on Lake Maggiore is lovely, so Andrea, the Embassy's maître d'hôtel, assures me; the coming of summer time; and scarcely any news of real social importance. For all those people who never miss extension night at their favourite restaurants have been remiss in sending me any news at all of their activities, and they well know the interest taken by our readers in their movements.

MR. "JOHNNY" MACMULLIN will have to look to his laurels, for there returned to England last week Mr. Terence Philip from Lord Moyne's yachting tour. Mr. Philip rivals Mr. MacMullin for the championship of "such an asset to any party," but the latter has stolen a pretty good lead in his absence by being well in with the "linnets" (as Miss Olga Lynn's exclusive set is now known); and in Paris Lady Mendl watches over his social career, so at the moment he has a good advantage. He gave a cocktail-party, at which were, naturally, all the "linnets," who again were mobilised on Monday at Lady Anglesey's house in Queen's Gate, to hear Miss Lynn's pupils' concert. She certainly is an excellent singing teacher, as her pupil, Miss Ann Moray, testifies by her performance.

MRS. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT was at the cocktail-party; she is ensconced in Curzon Street for the season, and is looking very cheerful after her winter's sojourn in America. Never be nervous, if you are a friend of hers, to walk up to her and say: "Come along, Beatrice, don't look so serious!" She will always smile then; but if you are not a friend, I should not advise this procedure.

MRS. ORMOND LAWSON-JOHNSTON is also back again, after her stay at Palm Beach, and is telling us all how glad she is to be back with her "dear little Ormonde-y boy," and how much better he is since her return. "Our Betty," besides her other charms, has one rare feature in American women—she can stand being teased, for she has a great sense of humour.

I DO wish that mysterious band of women known as social editresses would decide upon which day the London season officially opens. Does it synchronise with Covent Garden's first performance, or is it to be on the following Monday? As it is, we are guided by the Jubilee processions, to which our big "dailies" have lifted up the protest: "We want more pageant." I must own

Mrs. Dennis Courage

Sketched at the Aldershot meeting, wearing a big brick-red hat with a green ribbon round it. She was Stella Villiers. It was her sailor brother-in-law who won the Grand Military Gold Cup

Miss Pamela Hunter

Is a 1935 debutante, and is appearing in the tableaux at the Debutantes' Ball in June. She is being presented at Court the same night, so will have a pretty strenuous evening

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson

A Ritz lunch-time picture of Mrs. Violet FitzGerald's daughter, who goes out and about a good deal. She was wearing a brown and white off-the-face hat

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

that it would be interesting to see rajahs riding on elephants, and such-like glamorous sights. As it is, my visions of rajahs and their offspring have mostly been confined to the Dorchester Hotel and the George V. in Paris.

QUITE a number of people are going to Rome for Easter. I heard that Lady Castlerosse was probably going to make the pilgrimage, which can be made in a day if you like to fly there. Lord Berners has a lovely house in Rome, and there are the Vivian Corneliuses at the Embassy; unfortunately, the Pope is resting for a few months, but there is sure to be a Cardinal Archbishop in his place.

MR. FRANCIS TOYE is going to Florence for the musical festival (some "linnets" are going, too, I hear), which opens next week. He will be able to tell us all about Gluck's *Alceste*, which is being produced in the open-air theatre of the famous Boboli Gardens. Lady Dashwood, who is such a great lover of music and chases it all over Europe—she is one of Mr. Sidney Beer's regular visitors in his Salzburg schloss—will instead be running over Wagnerian motifs on her piano at West Wycombe Park. Talking of baronets, can anybody tell me if the romantic rumours in connection with "The Gasper Bart," as Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen is popularly known, are correct?

MR. IAN AKERS-DOUGLAS got beaten in the final of the rackets at Queen's Club; he has now gone to Gibraltar to play in Mr. "Gubby" Allen's side against the Rock. Like Mr. Greville Stevens, Mr. Akers-Douglas is not an easy man to get for a club match. Right up till the morning of the match, you think he is on your side, but that fatal buff envelope will often turn up, regretfully disappointing you, at the same time informing you that pressure of work in the E.C. district is overwhelming. Sir Harold Bowden will return to England to find that he is elected a member of the Notts County Cricket Club.

IN the musical world, Kreisler gave of his very best when he played three concertos, with orchestral accompaniment, at the Albert Hall. He seemed to care very little that Ernest Newman had written him open letters, and played Brahms in such a way that the pious Kensingtonian devotees of that composer raised their eyes thankfully to heaven.

MICHAEL ARLEN is with us again, but returns to Greece very soon, to spend the summer on an island. He then will go to Austria for the autumn, and has already taken a house at Kitzbuhl for next year for his wife and family, and will share it with Mme. Ralli and Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge.

TWO new night-clubs have recently opened—the Cocoanut Grove, which is on the site of the old Mitre, and the Jubilee, under Mr. Michael Lafone's direction.

IN the world of sport, fond parents have had their fill of watching little Ted at the school sports throwing the hammer and running in the house relay-race, after which he invariably returns for the holidays with a sniffling cold. However, he can soon be despatched up to Lord's for the day, where some lusty pro. bowler can hurtle half-volleys at him.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

WE should like to suggest that next year Oxford's rowing "girls" should take on Cambridge and see if they couldn't polish them off. It seems a farce that the Boat Race should continue on the lines it does.

MRS. MYRTLE D'ERLANGER and her sister, Mrs. Edward Compton, have arrived back from their trip to Naples, which doesn't seem to have been quite

Swaebe

Kay Hammond and Her Family

Kay Hammond, who, in private life, is Mrs. Ronald Leon, takes her stepdaughter, Ann Leon, and her own baby daughter out walking in the Park. She is playing in "Youth at the Helm" at present, with Owen Nares

Miss Diana Caldwell

Another ex-debutante who is seen around pretty often is Diana Caldwell. She is doing a good deal of charity ball junior committee work at the moment, including the Hundred Years' Ball on the 30th and the Spring Ball on May 2nd

the success it might have been. To start off with, Mrs. d'Erlanger had 'flu., and then a spot of bother with Vesuvius. The Prince of Piedmont took her with a party to see said Mount in eruption. She burned her shoes walking on the crater zone, and what seemed like red-hot coals, fell on her back, giving her the big idea that exploring volcanoes wasn't really quite her line of country.

THERE was, as usual, at the Savoy the other night, that large, long table surrounded by large and small people looking utterly miserable and definitely bored, all eating and drinking hard. We suppose they enjoy themselves, but people certainly seem to register enjoyment in different ways. A person who really looked as if he was enjoying himself was Mr. Bill Ekyn as he danced Mrs. John Mason round the floor. In the same party was Mr. John Mason, who played the Lancers by himself (i.e., went visiting). He spent a good few minutes in conversation with Mr. Hamar Bagnell and Miss Lewis at their table. Mrs. Ian Akers-Douglas, looking most attractive in white satin, was in a party with her husband, who, up till a week ago, was Amateur Rackets Champion, an honour which he lost to Mr. D. S. Milford. Major Charles Toms, Mrs. Akers-Douglas's father, was also about that night, but in a different party. Miss Vanda Vivian was having an evening out, tête-à-tête with her fiancé, and Lady Mount-Temple, we noticed, had forsaken her favourite green and was attired in cherry red, with two lovely diamond clips at the back of her neck flashing their brilliance as she moved about the floor. Miss Elizabeth Brand, covered with orchids, was in a party with her fiancé, Captain Lomax. Yet another engaged couple were on the move that night, and that was Mr. Antony Wingfield and Miss Juliet Stanley, who are to be married on May 16th. That superstition about May being unlucky for weddings seems to have gone out of fashion. Sir Richard Sykes we noticed talking hard to his girl friend. Miss Alice Delysia sat firmly on her ring-side seat, and seemed amused at what was going on around her.

Bassano

Canada's New Governor-General

A portrait of Mr. John Buchan, M.P., historian, novelist, ex-Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland, who has been appointed Governor-General of Canada in succession to Lord Bessborough

"Many Happy Returns"

Lord and Lady Derby at Preston Public Hall receiving Lancashire's good wishes for Lord Derby's seventieth birthday. Three thousand people were there to represent the 80,000 who contributed to the presentation gold rose-bowl given to him

ONE of the Garrard twins has got herself engaged, and we think it 's "Boofy"; anyhow, she 's going to marry a sailor called Mr. Donald Fuller, who is a son of Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller, from Yorkshire, and a brother of Mrs. Geoffrey Shaw, who is a neighbour of the Garrards in Northamptonshire.

Mrs. Walter Payne

Eating asparagus for lunch at the Ritz, dressed all in black, with a hat that got its inspiration from the eighteenth-century Army. She was with Princess Hohenlohe

Whether that is how they met we don't know. The other twin is out in India, apparently, but whether she is bringing back a prospective husband with her is another thing that history doesn't relate. Talking of India reminds us that the Kadir Cup, which is the big pig-sticking event of the year, and which every keen "hog-hunter" hopes to win, has been won this year by Mr. Jack Hamilton-Russell, who is Lord and Lady Boyne's third son. He was one of the youngest of many competitors, and apparently is a remarkably fine "spear." His eldest brother married Miss Joy Verney, daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney.

AMATEUR jockeys and owners of race-horses seemed much to the fore at a well-known restaurant the other night. Of the former we had Major Herbert Lumsden with us in a party which included his father-in-law, Mr. Roddick (himself an owner), and Captain Peter Sykes, the owner and jockey of Bay Leaf II., which has been a lot in the limelight this winter. Lord Amherst was another; but he was having a party à deux. Lady Edward Hay looked particularly attractive that night in scarlet, tête-à-tête with her brother, Sir Paul Latham. We forgot to mention among the racing crowd Major "K. O." Goldie, who has not long been back from Madras, where he is definitely "something big" on the race-course. Another person lately returned from India was Lord Ronaldshay, who was dancing round the floor with one of his sisters, either Lady Lavinia or Lady Jean Dundas, we are not sure which. The Lisburnes started off with a party including their engaged daughter, plus fiancé, and later we noticed Colonel James Horlick add himself to their numbers.

MRS. PEEPS

A Racing Reverie

Mainly About Newbury: By "Regular"

The Middleton Point-to-Point

Captain T. Wickham-Boynton leading in his horse Snip, which Mr. Adrian Scrope rode to victory in the Middleton Hunt Members' Races

At Newbury Races

Captain Geoffrey Bishop, Miss Diana Lambton, and Mrs. Bishop were a trio of spectators at the Newbury Spring Meeting

The Border Hunts Point-to-Point

Lady Angela Scott, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone, niece of the Duchess of York, at the Border Hunts Point-to-Point Races at Hadden Rig, Kelso. They are to be Maids of Honour to the Duchess of Kent at the forthcoming General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland

MY heartiest congratulations to my friend Donald Snow on being the youngest trainer ever to hold a licence. Lord Donegall tells us that he first became a trainer in 1913. I am not absolutely certain of Donald's age, but I know that he is slightly younger than I am, which means that he could not have been more than thirteen at the time.

SCENE: Class-room at St. Winifred's.

SNOW: "Please, Sir, can I leave the room?"

MASTER: "What, again, Snow?"

SNOW: "Yes, Sir. I want to see if the two-year-olds have 'eaten up.'"

EVERY now and then I get the most astounding requests, and last week I received a letter asking me what I considered the worst crime one could commit on a race-course. I sincerely hope that my correspondent is not desirous of committing same, and, in the interests of society, I suppose I really ought to ignore his request. However, here goes. The worst thing you could do would be to steal money out of the caps of the disabled sailors whose medleys of melody and discord on race-courses are so well-known to us, and whose disability would prevent them from pursuing you. Next to that, it would be hard to think of anything more despicable than for a man of good breeding and with plenty of this world's goods to stop his own horse in a bumper race.

QUITE appropriately, the first horse to come up for discussion is our old friend, Theft. Starting at 5 to 2 on, Theft won the Greenham, and although my colleagues on the Press expressed themselves as thoroughly impressed, Uncle Regular was disappointed. In my opinion, he had little or nothing to beat, it took him all his time to do it, and he hated doing it.

ONE of us is obviously wrong, and, for the Aga Khan's sake, I sincerely hope it 's Uncle Regular. Theft has not grown since his juvenile days, neither has he lengthened. He still retains his beautifully free action, and we all know that it is action which counts. At the same time, not even the loveliest action will win you races if the animal loses his zest for the game. Frankly, I thought I detected a lack of zeal in Theft's Greenham display. It may be, of course, that, having little to do, he was "running lazy," but I, for one, shall not take a short price about him in the Guineas. Of the beaten horses, I took a fancy to Solar Ray. I am sure Vic Smyth will be able to place this one to win some nice races.

WITH its large contingent of young men and young women of "the county," Newbury invariably reminds me somewhat of a hunt ball. Young hearties holloa at one another in the bar, and unintelligible jokes are exchanged about Gertie's grey and Mrs. Brown being on her back again on the lee side of the covert. Ribald jokes from the Colonel, giggles from the girls, and "Sh, sh!" on the approach of Mamma.

TALKING of the bar, "Jumbo" Jolliffe has erected the most magnificent edifice in the Members' Enclosure, where I found Mrs. Beale presiding like a Duchess when the Captain took me in for a pint of Pommery—or was it Bollinger? I can't remember which. This new bar is painted white, and extends on three sides of the room. When I think of that fearful little erection which did duty until quite recently, I wonder we didn't all die of thirst.

VICTORIES in the colours of charming ladies and gallant soldiers are invariably popular, and Walter Nightingall, who has a very powerful stable of horses this year, provided both. Mrs. Rich, who must not be confused with Mr. Herbert Rich, owns a very smart two-year-old gelding in the Glenaffaric gelding, and Colonel Halse an even smarter three-year-old gelding in Law Court.

ANOTHER smashing performance was put up by yet another gelding in Hawkeye. It is a thousand pities that neither Law Court nor Hawkeye are eligible for the classics. I am well aware that I shall be accused of talking through my hat, but if Mr. Tony Rothschild's ex-plater was in the Guineas, I should not look elsewhere for the winner.

SATURDAY was a very sad day for punters, and the majority left the course wearing that "This-is-a-little-bit-too-thick" look strangely reminiscent of the Mem when someone suggested she wrote "Listen." I yield to no one in my admiration for the Mem's many qualities, but she is NOT a journalist.

EASILY the saddest person was Lord Carnarvon, who lost his faithful old servant Patmos, after the latter had won the seller. Only recently up from grass, his connections did not think he had a million-to-one chance, so, of course, they did not back him. When, therefore, a kind friend bid a "monkey," he had to let him go. "Porchy" has probably had more fun out of Patmos than any other horse. Perhaps, however, his new connections will run him in a seller again.

THE Glorneys are invariably so open about their horses and derive such genuine pleasure from owning horses that I am always delighted to see them win races. I cannot help wishing, however, that they would not win them with 20 to 1 ex-platers drawn No. 1 (invariably supposed to be a 10-lb. disadvantage) and opposed to what appeared a reasonably good Newbury Cup field.

I WAS sorry that a chill prevented Corlette from being present, but Mrs. Glorney was present and was naturally delighted at the success of a horse that was becoming an expensive proposition. The winner was beautifully ridden by "Steve," despite a lovely black eye and a heavy cold.

EVERYONE, bar the writer, went home tickled to death on Friday at having spotted "a shocking non-trier." It almost amuses me, after a reputable judge has stated that he saw one not having a go, how many other people have also seen it. In all probability, they watched the race from the bar or the cloak-room, but even if they had been on top of the stand they wouldn't have known one had they seen it.

DUNLOP
90
THE WORLD'S MASTER TYRE
DUNLOP'S POINT 90
DRC 1935
PERFECT CONTROL
C.F.H.

British Institutions—(perhaps): No. 4. Fo

DRAWN BY KERRY LEE

reign Policy Day at the Foreign Office

NEW V-8 SALOON DE LUXE, DOUBLE-ENTRANCE, £240, AT WORKS

• THE NEW FORD V-8

has "Centre-Poise" New Riding-Comfort ▾ All occupants sit between front and rear axles, enjoying luxurious roominess ▾ Improved engine-design gives phenomenal power, with exemplary performance-refinement ▾ Engine fumes are entirely excluded from the coachwork ▾ All-weather ventilation and safety glass are standardised features ▾ Clutch and brakes require minimum pedal-pressure ▾ Wonderful acceleration and high sustained speed are combined with complete controllability, spelling safety and peace of mind ▾ Eight body-styles and six colour-schemes are offered ▾ More definitely than ever, "There is no comparison!" ▾ Literature on request ▾ Dealers everywhere.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, WORKS: DAGENHAM, ESSEX ▾ SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET LONDON, W.1

John Radnor on "Rugger"

Speed and the Spoiler

Northern Irish District Cup Final at Belfast

Richmond's Last Home Match

Above: D. Elward (Cardiff) tackling W. A. H. Chapman (Richmond), in the match on the Athletic Ground, won by the home team by 17 points to 6

Left: Mrs. Eastwood, wife of Colonel Eastwood, commanding 60th Rifles, presents the Northern Irish District Cup to Lieut. A. L. Novis, 2nd Batt., Leicestershire Regiment, whose team beat the Queen's O.T.C. by 15 points to 4

QUITE recently, I watched the Harlequins playing Gloucester, and a jolly fine game it was. Twickenham in a state of extreme emptiness—as, alas! it generally is when club meets club—is apt to have as crushing an effect upon some sides as the awe-inspiring spectacle of 70,000 people (*and* critics) en masse; but this evidently was one of the exceptions.

Without holding a detailed inquest, it may be admitted that Gloucester, after leading by seven points to none, were unlucky to lose one of their three-quarters—nor were they ever quite up to full strength; but the Harlequins, too, could have done with men like Faviell and Thompson, and by no means owed their brilliant recovery and score of points merely to the misfortunes of their opponents.

Usually when a West Country pack meets a London, the latter comes off second-best in the scrummage, whatever may occur in the loose. The superior pace of the public school player is not always allowed to tell, even there. Behind the scrummage also, London pace and dash, as often as not, is neutralised by close marking, tactical kicking, and shrewd opportunism.

Perhaps one has come to take these things too much for granted. Other times, other men and methods. At the moment, without being weaklings, the Western sides seem to be less formidable than they used to be up in front. Gloucester, for example, were an outstanding side in a moderate period last season, but not because of the forwards. With one of the old Gloucester packs they would have lost fewer even than seven of their thirty-eight matches; the Harlequins, one may remark, had lost only five of their games up to a week or so ago.

THE Play, not the Records, however, is the thing. The Harlequins of to-day, in bad seasons as well as good, are the inheritors of a style of play that was born on some indefinite date soon after the tour of the first All-Blacks in 1905. For some reason or other—some people were silly enough to attribute everything to cheating—the brilliant ascendancy of the Welsh back-play of those days was accepted as a matter of course—a thing peculiarly Welsh and elusive. The slick handling, penetrating running, and marvellous backing-up of the New Zealanders—perhaps because it came from overseas—had a more startling effect. A. D. Stoop and his contemporary Harlequins suddenly seemed to realise how ridiculous it was that the athletes of the Universities and schools should be run off their feet by sides who, man for man, as a rule, were yards slower as runners if not footballers. The distinction, of course, is important.

Constructive thinking and skilful handling at top speed were the essential secrets of both the great Welsh sides and the first All-Blacks. Not that I intend to pass over as of little account the equally essential soundness of their scrummaging. Great forwards in those days knew how to sink their powerful personalities and abilities in the tight, without being sluggards and dull dogs in the loose.

The Harlequin conception of the war of movement naturally was adapted to the kind of player at their disposal, and, at intervals, the whole scheme of things was vitiated by the fact that one or two moderate players can make a top-speed combination into a farce; but the standard, once set, was adhered to in, as I say, bad seasons as well as good.

Again, there frequently were the weaknesses inherent in London forward play to throw a set of backs built on greyhound lines into the rough-and-tumble of defence, where the bull-terrier type is better suited. That, I fancy, has accounted for many a Harlequin failure and, perhaps, led the club to consider much more carefully the part to be played by the forwards. That, at any rate, is the hope of a great admirer of the Harlequin game.

NO club could be blamed for having succumbed to the brilliant ubiquity of the New Rugby hastily bred in the restless, neurotic years that followed the Armistice. Indeed, so long as the other countries were bemused and often forced into tactics they did not understand by the activities of Davies and Kershaw behind fast and heavy and all-pervading packs of forwards, English Rugby generally was justified in thinking it had discovered the last word in tactics. The essential unsoundness of an idea which sapped every belief in honest scrummaging, led to specialisation before the rudiments had been learned—here some of the schools have done almost irreparable harm—and made the backs bow down tamely to the spoiler has been slowly but surely revealed.

THE average International match, in which all the experts of the various countries endeavour to excel themselves as spoilers and little else—with disastrous effects upon the rules—has been hardly worth watching. Worse still, the schools and Old Boys and big clubs have steadily lost interest in constructive open play and honest shoving.

BUT to return to the Harlequins. Unless I am mistaken, there still was held at the beginning of the season the idea that fast forwards could carry some moderate backs on their shoulders and pounce on all and sundry in opposition. Admittedly, the Harlequins had some promising material up in front, with a good man in Dunkley to lead them, while the backs floundered horribly at times in the giving and taking of passes. But that phase appeared to pass, and the Harlequin packs developed rare fighting and scrummaging qualities, while the backs, with a splendid little scrum-half in Dean to set them going, gradually found a game too. The passing remains moderate, but the great tries scored by Butler and Hudson against Gloucester showed that the Harlequins at least had regained their faith in the run-in. The ignoble punt-ahead—as opposed to the tactical kick—may yet die with the purely destructive spoiler.

And one last word of prayer as well as praise. Let the Harlequins keep on showing that fast forwards can scrummage and, above all, that a quick heel and a competent scrum-half between them can beat any winger if the referee also does his duty.

A Children's Meet of the Belvoir at Weaver's Lodge, near Grantham

Lord Conyers arriving with his daughters, the Hon. Diana Pelham and the Hon. Wendy Pelham, at the Children's Meet of the Belvoir

The Master of the Belvoir, Colonel Gordon Colman, addressing the children before the move off, when the Belvoir Hunt closed the season with a special meet for future fox-hunters at Weaver's Lodge, near Grantham

SPORTFOLIO

Hunting — Pig-Sticking
Golf — Racing

Gloucester Women at Golf

Mr. Stanley Brookes presenting the trophy to Mrs. Whitley after she had won the final of the Gloucestershire Women's Golf Championship, which was held at Failand, near Bristol

Below: General Sir Archibald Cameron presenting the Inter-Unit Cup at the conclusion of the Scottish Command Golf Championships, played at Muirfield Course, Gulland. The recipient is Major Macnab, of the Highland Light Infantry, the winning team. Left to right are: Mr. Percival, H.L.I., Mr. Boddam-Wetham, H.L.I., Major Macnab, H.L.I., Captain G. A. Rusk, Black Watch, who retained the Individual Championship, and General Sir Archibald Cameron

Scottish Command Golf Championships

Racing at

Mrs. Corlette Glorney con-as he unsaddles Canteene Newbury Silver Coronatio

Bassano

A M.F.H. and His Daughter

Above: Mr. Norman Adams, M.F.H., who has recently succeeded Lord Inverclyde as joint-Master of the Eglinton Hunt. His daughter, Ena, seen on the right, is one of the most brilliant horsewomen in England, and is joint-Master with her father of the Eglinton Hunt. Miss Adams controlled the Cowesby Harriers in Yorkshire as a child of ten, and when the family moved to Brancaster, Norfolk, she formed and hunted a pack of basset hounds. Since 1933 she has hunted in the shires

Pig-Sticking in India

Lieut. the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell, Royal Dragoons, with his horse Lindy Loo, after winning the Kadir Cup, the blue riband of the sport of pig-sticking in India

Newbury

gratulating Steve Donoghue after they had won the Cup for Mr. Glorney

The Fife Hunt Point-to-Point

Above: the Hon. David Balfour, Mr. A. M. Mitchell, the Hon. Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Arthur Galbraith, and (right) Lady Rowallan and Mr. I. G. Collins, the famous lawn tennis player and one-time partner of Dr. J. C. Gregory, at the Fife Hunt Point-to-Point Races held at Balcormo, near Lundin Links, Fife

Soldiers' Steeplechase

The Aldershot Bona Fide Military Meeting

Mrs. David Forbes, Captain Blockley, and Mr. David Forbes walking round on the first day of the meeting. Mr. David Forbes is in the Coldstream Guards; his attractive wife was Diana Henderson

Below: Lord Amherst of Hackney, who is in the Blues, and Mr. G. A. Murray-Smith were both riding on the first day at Aldershot

Miss Mary Collins, Miss Archer-Shee, and her brother had the advantage of most people in height, none of the trio being under six feet tall

Below: Miss Suzanne du Boulay, Mrs. Iain Murray's debutante sister, Mr. John Hornung, and Mrs. Green on their way to a good race-watching distance

General Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, Aldershot's G.O.C., is talking to Lady Burnett-Stuart, whose husband is G.O.C. Southern Command. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy has just recovered from a long illness

Miss Susan Henderson, who is a first cousin of Mrs. David Forbes, is with Miss Pamela Wilson

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 1. Corinth

Illustrations by Mac

THERE is no question about it, Corinth has fallen on sad days. The tremendous increase of interest among the old-school-tie brigade in Association football has not helped. The pristine fans of this famous club have now switched their allegiance to Arsenal. When you look at the history of the Corinthians, this is rather a pity. Founded in 1882, players who wore the white shirt with a blue monogram, and its dark knickerbockers and stockings, have been seen one hundred and seventy-five times in full international "Soccer" matches between England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. In 1884 Corinth defeated the champion English team, Blackburn Rovers, at Blackburn, by eight goals to one. Ten years later the club defeated Wales, at Wrexham, by almost as large a margin. But since the regrettable third replay against Millwall, Corinth has been on the skids. Amateurs have never really learnt how to head the ball, and with this becoming more and more a feature of advanced "Soccer," the Club's inferiority has become more apparent. Besides this, the whole technique of the winter game has altered. Heavy charging is no longer permitted. Think of the classic instance of the late Lord Kinnaird, one of the earliest Corinthians, who was being reproached by his wife for his keenness on the game. "One of these days," she said, "you will come home with a broken leg." "Probably," was his Lordship's reply; "but it will be somebody else's."

IN the old days, charging the goalkeeper was a definite form of attack, and entirely permissible so long as the chargers were on-side when the ball was kicked. Thus we learn in the 'nineties that "from a fine centre by Bambridge, Prail got a capital goal, Dewhurst having previously disposed of the goalkeeper." Thus a half-back, carefully judging the time to pass (I quote F. N. Creek, the Club's historian), would kick the ball in the air towards the goalkeeper, who would at once be attacked by two of the inside forwards, while the third would attempt to slip past the backs and shoot into the empty goal. But though charging a goalkeeper was permitted, maliciously kicking him was considered bad form; yet this was done to W. R. Moon, one of the finest goalkeepers who ever lived, and who, with A. M. and P. M. Walters, was England's final defence for years. The culprit was a small forward, who was enraged at a fine shot being saved, and after the assault a Northern crowd rocked with merriment at seeing the burly Corinthian chasing the forward over the field of play while the game still continued.

Yes, those were husky days. In 1887 the Corinthians' forward line averaged thirteen stone each, although one was under eleven stone. No wonder, then, that "about twenty minutes after half-time the opposing half-back took a run of about ten yards at Cotterill—who

(Continued on page xvi)

• FILMS of the DAY

Two Rivers

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

PICTURES about which a jaded critic can be whole-heartedly enthusiastic are few and far between; it was, therefore, positively exciting to see two films superlatively good in their very different ways (plus a new Walt Disney colour cartoon) in one programme, presented by United Artists.

The "big" picture was *Sanders of the River*, made by Alexander Korda for London films. It more than justifies the promises of the preliminary publicity. The African scene is superbly depicted and photographed, the hundreds of tribesmen in their fearsome war-paint and masks, the significant tribal dances, music and drum-beating form a stirring background to Edgar Wallace's famous characters and scenes, with more than the interest of a well-made travel film, because of the imagination and pictorial sense with which they are handled. The spirit of the Sanders and Bones saga has been caught and neatly summarised by the scenarist.

The story resolves itself into Commissioner Sanders' administration of the King's law and justice in Darkest Africa, and his subjugation, by the power of his personality and his understanding of the natives, of the Old King, a rebel and a slave-dealer.

In this he is helped by the loyal Bosambo, once an outcast and criminal, who rises, under Sanders' protection, to be a great chief. He is the real hero of the picture, magnificently played by Paul Robeson, one of the most potent personalities on the screen. With his overwhelming physique, his tremendous and beautiful voice, and his brilliant characterisation of the man, cunning but wise, recognising the master mind in the white man, loyal and brave, and a loving husband and father, he is the dominating central figure in the drama, even in the most crowded scenes. His power and dignity are superb.

Among the strongly individualised natives and the turbulent African scene, the white men appear ineffectual, and Leslie Banks' interpretation of Sanders is almost too suave and lacking in emphasis. It is difficult to believe that here is really an iron hand within the so very velvety glove.

Nina Mae McKinney, as Bosambo's lovely young wife, looks and sounds altogether too Harlem. But nothing can detract from the sweep and scope and beauty of this finely conceived and executed picture.

THE other noteworthy film is rather unfortunately titled *Wharves and Strays*. It is the suggestion of a pun which makes the name unworthy. The hero is a mongrel dog, ugly and woolly and misshapen, chosen, we are told, from a big London dogs' home, an amateur, in fact, but a born actor, a humorist, and a heart-wringer. The scene is the London river, and it is the exquisite and inspired photography of skies and derricks, gulls, barges, boats, buildings, and the men who belong to the river and its life that distinguishes this film. I have seen nothing so excitingly good, so satisfyingly thematic, since Grierson's *Drifters*.

"Don't look now, we'll wait and see it from the beginning"

So much for British productiveness; but France also contributes to Metropolitan entertainment at the moment. At the Academy there is *Lac aux Dames*, a French film-version of a novel by Vicki Baum, which has had an immense and prolonged success in Paris.

Here again, the setting—a lovely lake in the Austrian Tyrol—is important and charming.

The story is about the trials and tribulations of a handsome young swimming instructor, caused by his having altogether too much sex appeal! All his pupils pester him with amative attentions, but he loves, and is loved by, Danielle, a rich manufacturer's daughter. Matters are complicated by the fact that a charming child called "Puck," the daughter of a philosopher who lives on the other side of the lake, having rescued him from drowning, also falls in love with him, although he only regards her as his "petite camerade." She beguiles him into kissing her, and later reproaches him. He is ill with a poisoned arm, and starving (it is not explained why the swimming lessons were not more remunerative), and he not unnaturally finds it an inappropriate moment for still another woman to demand his love, and rebuffs her. There is a not quite fair suspense scene of dragging operations for the missing girl—whose boat is found empty on the lake, while she is in a train on her way to fetch Danielle back to her own true love—only pardonable because it provides an excuse for some lovely shots of the misty lake at dawn, and some excellent underwater photography.

Lac aux Dames has idyllic elements, and the youthful Simone Simon, as Puck, has piquancy, wistfulness, and a great deal of natural charm.

The Slump is Over, originally shown at the Curzon, is a light and amusing French film with a *Good Companions* theme, some catchy tunes, and the redoubtable Préjean, who won our hearts in *Sous les Toits de Paris*, as chief male attraction.

Harriette Haddon

Jeanette Dickson

Leda Nicova

Alma Ross

Dedon Blunier

Patricia King

Joan English

Lu Anne Meredith

Jean Fursa

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

What Will You Do for Hollywood? Hollywood's Done This for You

Nine of the "Stop Press" Girls Who Decorate the Dorchester

The Dorchester started this business of the girls of Park Lane, and the custom's becoming a London tradition. Last week we had a mild display of the charms of the rival beauties further up the road. And now here are some of the Hollywood Girls who provide the song-and-dance course of the Dorchester supper-time menu. They haven't failed in their noble task of carrying on this tradition, but have all the charm and personality that's needed, and a bit extra in the way of looks. In fact, two or three of them couldn't be sweeter. They appear in "Stop Press," at the Adelphi, earlier in the twenty-four hours, and it's not impossible that, later still, they'll be leading their own lives at the Florida. Going on there is some measure of a Park Lane girl's success. Incidentally, they did come straight from Hollywood; Clifford Whitley went out there to fetch them. Thank you, Hollywood!

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Scotland and Wales and England

By
A. G. Macdonell

MR. RONALD MACDONALD DOUGLAS is new to me, but I sincerely hope that he will write lots more books of short stories on the same level as *Strangers Come Home* (Maclehose ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and so become an old friend. For he is quite remarkably good. He is a Scotsman, living on a moor in Inverness-shire, and he writes about the Highlands and the Lowlands with almost equal knowledge and sincerity. I say "almost," for I should actually place his Lowland stories slightly above the others, and his barrack-squares are a fraction more convincing than his folk of the glens. But this is mere quibbling, where both are so good. After I had read the first tale, *The Piper of Dreams*, I said to myself, "This man is simply an imitator of Neil Munro." But I was quite wrong. He is much more than that. It is undeniable that there is much of Munro in these stories, but there is also much of Douglas. And perhaps that is the secret of the wide net which he spreads. For whereas Munro was a Highlander living in Glasgow, but with his heart in the hills, Mr. Douglas must be a Lowlander living in the hills, and with his heart in Scotland. It is, surely, a proof of his catholicity that his most absorbing, and his most terrible, story is not about a Scotsman at all, but a Cumberland dalesman. The tragedy of *Atkinson* would be almost unbelievable to anyone who had not seen for himself the appalling brutality which was possible in a barracks during the war, however able and well-intentioned the regimental officers may have been. Another admirable barrack-square story, but with a dry, crackling humour, describes the frantic efforts of the sergeant-major to get even with the agnostic who refused to attend church parade on Sunday. The last line—consisting of only four words—is a masterpiece of irony. There is a whole Voltairean tract in those last four words, only Voltaire would not exactly have approved of the turn of events.

There is just one aspect of Mr. Douglas's book that alarmed me, and that is a story about a young provincial who wanted to live in Chelsea. Anyone could have written it. The theme is a good old stock one. I hope fervently that Mr. Douglas will stick to his glens and his Glasgow and leave the arty boys and girls alone.

"CAT ACROSS THE PATH" (Harrap ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a translation from the German of Miss Ruth Feiner, a writer who has left Germany with the accession to office of Hitler. The theme of it is not particularly novel. A girl with two lovers who once were bosom friends, is a not-unusual heroine of fiction, nor is the ultimate murder of the girl by the feebler of the two young men anything startlingly out of the common. Indeed, *Cat Across the Path* is a book on very conventional lines, put together with a certain sombre power and a rather amateurish technique. As an example of the amateurishness, the surnames of the two young men are Himmelmann and Heinemann, and the brain positively staggers at the business of trying to remember which is which, until, mercifully, one of them changes his name to Johnny Groves, and then it becomes somewhat easier.

But the real fault with the book is that it contains far too many long sections that are simply dull. The climax is moderately exciting, but even an ice-cream soda would have a kick in it if you had just swum through the Sargasso Sea. And that, I confess, is the feeling with which I breasted the seaweed and tottered finally to shore on page 383.

MR. RHYS DAVIES, on the other hand, has written a novel which, though full of gloom and tragedy and human folly, is packed with interest and moving scenes. And although it tells of one of the most ancient stories in the world, the passing of the old and the coming of the new, it never for a moment becomes tedious and familiar. The scene is Wales, and the period is the transition from the farm and the Squire to the mine and the foreman. The feudal system is wobbling to its rickety, debt-laden collapse, and hard-faced men with metallurgical advisers and mining engineers are scanning the valleys for coal and iron. The end is inevitable. The pleasant vale of Rhondda, that once was just a useless, beautiful, valley of grass and pastoral folk, is turned into a teeming, feverish place of chimneys and factories, ugly, perhaps, but producing things that the world wants. And then the wheel turns full circle—although Mr. Davies does not point the tragic moral—and the Rhondda is as useless now as it ever was in its pastoral days, and has nothing to show but its hideousness.

Bertram Park

Lady Jones

The wife of Sir Roderick Jones, chairman of Reuters, who has been visiting South Africa. Her novel of the Grand National, entitled "National Velvet," has just been published by Heinemann under her maiden (and pen) name of Enid Bagnold

MR. NICHOLAS BLAKE is a man to look out for. His first novel, *A Question of Proof* (Collins ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a detective-story that is not only ingenious and entertaining, but is written with felicitous ease. If the rumours are true and "Mr. Blake" is the pseudonym of one of the most distinguished of the younger modern poets, perhaps the felicity is more readily understandable.

The scene of the crime is a preparatory school for boys, and the author, whoever he is, unquestionably knows a great deal about schools from the inside. (Are any of our modern young poets also preparatory schoolmasters ? I wonder.) The description of the Parents' cricket match is a real jewel, and the outrageous conduct of one of the parents, who makes fifty-six against the hapless urchins, is duly recorded. *A Question of Proof* is an evening's pleasant reading. Let us hope that Mr. Blake, if poet he is, will not allow Mr. Arden and Mr. Day-Lewis to monopolise his activities, but will find time to pursue the rival Muses of Mrs. Agatha Christie and Miss Dorothy Sayers.

"YOUNG ENGLAND" (Gollancz ; 5*s.*) is the text of Mr. Walter Reynolds's now immortal play, and it is suitably embellished with a Union Jack on its dust-wrapper. I am not sure that the funniest lines in the book are not contained in the stage directions, as: "The Song can be done on a high-class loud gramophone as in the best Picture Theatres"; or, "Note. The song of the Boy Soprano is the feature of this scene"; and the fall of the marriage certificate, "weighted with putty," is a memorable moment.

On the back of the wrapper is a notice that Mr. Reynolds is preparing a new work called *Innocence*. I look forward with almost painful eagerness to its arrival, and I fancy that half London shares my eagerness. Its First Night ought to be a sensational event even in such a year as Jubilee Year.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

There are numerous occasions when the dress problem is solved by a cocktail frock. The model portrayed has been designed by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, and is expressed in dark-brown satin-backed marocain. It has a slim-fitting skirt which widens at the hem and forms a slight train, and a silver and brown striped lamé corsage with long, tight sleeves and a square neck. The swing coat has a stand-up collar and three-quarter-length sleeves with stitched cuffs

For Easter and the Country

Gooseskin jersey is the material used for this tailored sports frock, which costs 6 guineas from Marshall and Snelgrove, Birmingham. It is honey-coloured, cut on simple lines, with bands of stitching down the front and a brown jersey scarf which can be arranged in several different ways. The brown buttons are of interest, as they are made from rolled leather. To complete the scheme, there is the becoming brown hat in shirred silk with a hump crown

Checks in all shapes and sizes are once more leaders in the world of dress, especially for golf and country wear in general. On the right is a knitted check tweed suit, which may be purchased at Marshall and Snelgrove, Warwick House, Birmingham, for 4½ guineas. The coat suggests a Norfolk jacket with buttons down the front and an adjustable scarf collar, while the skirt is admirably tailored and has a hip yoke and imitation knife-pleats

DISCOVED BY PETA; PICTURED BY PAM.

THE BYSTANDER TWINS *in search of* NOVELTIES

Something new and original in the way of accessories may be seen at Jay's, Regent Street. The ear-rings, clip and bracelet are all made of ebony with gilt working. The wide, rather massive bracelet is particularly smart, and so is the pristal fob next to it with a gilt hieroglyphic

Ninon is used for these evening handkerchiefs, which also come from Jay's. They are available in many shades, including black and white, and are entirely handmade. The top one costs 12/6 with a floral appliqué, while the other is only 6/11 with a contrasting lace initial

These three nightgowns are taken from Wolsey's "La France" lingerie. They are made from pure silk georgette and crêpe de Chine, cut on the cross and encrusted with oyster lace. Every garment is manufactured in England with the aid of intricate machinery, and to all appearances is hand-made

No wardrobe is complete without a scarf or two. The one pictured is tubular, made in heavy suède crêpe, with multi-coloured stripes running through the centre. From Marshall and Snelgrove, Warwick House, Birmingham, it costs 15/11

Here is another very youthful and becoming suède crêpe fancy cravat, which may also be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Birmingham. One half is plain and the other in contrasting stripes with multi-coloured fringed trimming. It is ideal for wearing with both frocks and suits, and costs 12/11

There is a new air service to Switzerland, operated with American Douglas air-liners. Our photograph shows Otto Heitmanek, the pilot, and Marie Voegeli, the air hostess, on the first service to Croydon

New 'Planes for the Air Season

By Charles Ward

Below: members of the Aldenham House Club, arriving by air for a gallop, are met on the landing-ground by a groom with their horses. Our picture shows Miss Pamela Watkins and Miss Susan Blankensop

Showing Their Paces

SEVERAL new models for 1935 have been demonstrated this month, including two different types of Italian air-liners, a five-seater saloon built at Woodley, and a three-seater cabin which is being marketed by Aircraft Exchange and Mart. Both of the Italian air-liners are from the well-known firm Savoia-Marchetti, the smaller of the two having 1800 horse-power and the larger 2800 horse-power. Three of the first type have been bought by Sabena for their European services, especially London-Brussels, the time between which is now reduced to 75 minutes. The second has been ordered in quantity by Ala Littoria for its foreign services from Rome. On test, an experimental flight from Milan to Rome with 30 people on board was accomplished in 90 minutes, and it is hoped to link the Italian capital with London by a service taking little more than five hours. The Miles Merlin was shown off to good effect at Woodley by its designer, who is himself a skilled demonstration pilot. This saloon seats five, including the pilot, has a cruising speed of 140 miles an hour and a range of about 800 miles. A variable pitch airscrew and flaps on the trailing edge of the wing give it its remarkably good performance with a 200-horse-power Gipsy Six engine. Slow flying at 45 miles an hour with full load under perfect control is a most comforting feature. The first of the Merlins was ordered some months ago by Tata's for the new night-mail route between Bombay and Calcutta, and another is going to the Birkett Air Service for taxi-work.

The Importance of Speed Range

As the top speed of aircraft rises, designers are trying every method to reduce landing and stalling speeds, for it is slow-flying qualities which are becoming more and more attractive, especially useful when operating in bad weather, and for taxi-work, when landings often have to be made in small fields. The Handley Page slot and flaps along the trailing edge are the principal devices in use to produce slow-landing qualities under full control. A recent example in which these have been used with great success is the Hendy Heck, which proved on its official trials at Martlesham Heath to have a speed range between 40 and 170 miles an hour. The model demonstrated at Hanworth is owned by Mr. Whitney Straight and was built by Westlands at Yeovil. Two other 'planes remarkable for their slow-flying qualities are the Klemm "Swallow" and "Eagle," the latter being also an extremely fast cruiser. The Klemm interests have been sold to the British Aircraft Manufacturing Company, whose Chairman is Lord Willoughby de Broke. Air Commodore Fellowes, who was in charge of the Houston-Everest Expedition, is also on the Board, and G. H. Handasyde, the chief engineer and designer, who will be remembered for his partnership with Martin in the famous war-time series of Martinsyde aircraft. Whether flying slow or flat out, the engine is the heart of a 'plane. On its reliability and ease of control depends the safety of the 'plane and its occupants. Practically every British light 'plane has been fitted with a Gipsy of some sort or another, and only last month General Aircraft, the manufacturers of the Monospar, were the purchasers of the thousandth Gipsy Major to be built and Jersey Airways bought the two-hundredth Gipsy Six as a spare for one of their D.H. 86 fleet. Since the production of the first Gipsy in 1928, the total number manufactured has been more than 4000. The success of the engine is an achievement shared by Major Frank Halford, the designer, and de Havillands, the manufacturers.

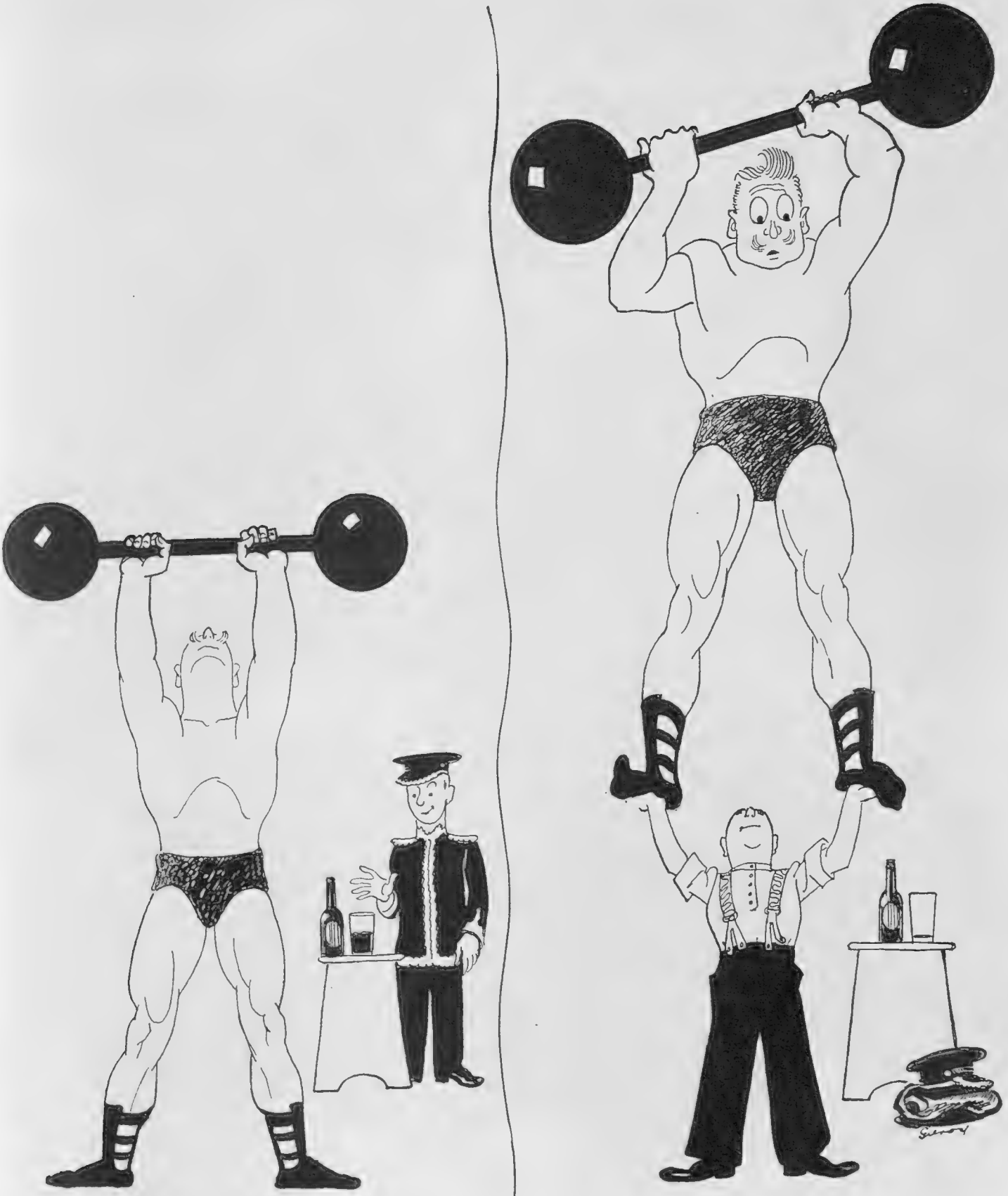
"Chip, Chip, My Little Horse"

THIS mysterious phrase is the title of an amusing book by Theodora Benson, published by Lovat Dickson at 7*s.* 6*d.* Here is the grand tour of Europe à la moderne, with all the variety and adventures that our ancestors took a year to collect, concentrated into six weeks—and very little of that time spent in actual travel. Miss Benson, being seized with the roving spirit, decided to "do" Europe by air. Her route carried her over most of the air lines, and from the liveliness of her impressions, we gather that air travelling is a fine tonic, for there is no sign of the jaded traveller after breakfasting in Copenhagen, lunching in Berlin, taking tea in Prague, and dining in some romantic country spot without that city. I feel that the most cautious "die-hards" on the methods of travel will not fail to be converted to the air if they read her book, which is, moreover, written with much charm and a happy wit, besides being something quite new in guide-books.

Lady Durham, Mr. W. P. Crawford Greene, M.P., and Lord Apsley, who is the Member for Bristol Central, and well known as a pilot, at Perdiswell Park, the site of the new aerodrome for Worcester

The Young Pilots' Fund

THE AIR LEAGUE has announced that the first fifty grants from the Young Pilots' Fund are available. There are more to follow, and therefore applicants between 17 and 26 years of age should apply at once to the League, at 19, Berkeley Street, W.1, for full particulars. The basis of the Fund is that every sum contributed by the young men who benefit will be doubled by the League, thus reducing the cost of flying by half. The Prince of Wales and Lord Londonderry have headed the list of donors, and it is hoped to raise £10,000 before the flying season is well advanced. The scheme is an excellent one, conceived to increase the number of civil pilots and to create interest in flying generally.



GUINNESS for STRENGTH

G.E. 488.B.

Sports Under Cover at Wembley

England's First Indoor Athletic Meeting: By H. H. Harris

F. R. Webster, neck or nothing, puts up a good 12 ft. 3 in. in the pole vault

Right: R. L. Howland, completely out of training, reached 42 feet in the weight put

Below: the referees, C. W. F. Pearce and E. J. Holt

F. A. S. Gentry looking sweet in putting the weight

Left: another double: K. S. Duncan repeats his 'Varsity sports performance by winning the sprint and long jump

Mrs. Cornell, judging

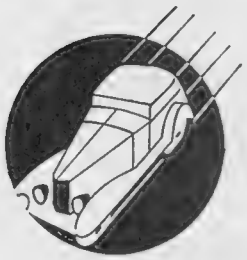
Right: Miss Milne, with a moderate 5 ft., won the high jump

Left: A. G. Pilbrow gave a good performance in the hurdles — 70 yards in 9 secs. dead

Hon. Champ. Secretary, A. A. A., W. J. Pepper, tried to be at both ends of Wembley at the same time

FITTING

FOR MEN IN A HURRY



Some men like their clothes tailored to fit closely. Others like an easy fitting. Some men will carry nothing in their side pockets. Others like to carry almost everything in them. You might think this sort of thing is the bane of a scheme like ours—tailoring clothes at leisure for fitting men in a hurry. But it isn't! It's the very thing that makes the work interesting. It gives us the chance to demonstrate the individuality of our clothes. May we demonstrate to you what a surprising amount of time, and money, the New Tailoring does save?

151 FITTINGS AND VARIATIONS IN

THE NEW TAILORING

We make some suits costing more than six guineas and some costing less.

AUSTIN REED

West End: 103-113 Regent Street, W.1 • City: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

Birmingham · Liverpool · Manchester · Sheffield · Leeds · Bristol · Norwich · Oxford · Glasgow · Belfast

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

P.645

The "Bystander's" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

(Continued from page 96)

On the third we woke to snow, several inches of it in Scarborough, several more at Ganton, so we learnt on the telephone, but rain was fast melting it. So a little more telephoning, and a little delay of start, and all was well. That is the beauty of a course of pure sand. The wind might still send the BYSTANDER flag straining at its halyard, and flurries of snow at intervals kept the temperature down to a degree which felt extraordinarily like freezing to the human body, whatever it may have meant to a thermometer.

First off in the morning were Miss Doris Park and Miss Cynthia Howard, struggling to give ten strokes to Miss Martin and Miss Greenwood. For a time it looked a hopeless task, for the putting of the givers was none too good; then they seemed to have matters safe. But sixes are not good enough for back-markers, and at last Miss Martin rammed in a great-hearted putt at the twentieth, where, in any case, the side had a stroke.

Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell were having almost as desperate a time giving nine to Mrs. Donald Eadie, of Wilmslow, and her sister, Miss Gradwell, of Frilford Heath, who had come to her sister's rescue when a partner failed. They battled tremendously, and it did the nerves of the others every credit that they stood up so well to them. Imagine, for example, Miss Newell's feelings after Miss Hartopp had put her three yards from the twelfth, to see Miss Gradwell roll in the putt from the edge of the green, downhill and curly at that. Miss Newell holed hers, to halve the hole in two. In the end it was only an encounter between the opposition and the wire fence at the eighteenth which made it a two up win for the givers.

MISS JOHNSON and Miss Lees, though keeping pretty well down to par figures, were having an equally tough time with Mrs. Holtby and her daughter, for there were nine strokes, Miss Holtby had been seized with complete inspiration, and Mrs. Holtby was putting quite beautifully. The holders got home 3 and 1, but it was hard work.

Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Percy, with only four to give, had necessarily less to do; their golf was first-class, and it was small blame to Miss Copeland and Miss Wick, from Beverley and East Riding, to be beaten 5 and 4.

It was the more extraordinary that Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Percy should completely go to pieces in the afternoon. Mrs. Percy unsettled the side by needlessly bunkering her second at the first hole; the pair of them deranged each other still further by taking four putts, no less, at the fourth, after Mrs. Clarke had put a glorious second to within seven yards of the pin; and Miss Johnson and Miss Lees, thankful at last to be giving no strokes, rubbed it in with a string of fine figures, including the holing of a chip by Miss Johnson at the twelfth, just as a counter-attack had seemed to be developing. Four and three no more than represented the difference in the sides as things had gone that afternoon. It was a pity, for if ever a match had promised well, it was that one. Miss Hartopp and Miss Newell, giving a half, had a desperate battle with Miss Martin and Miss Greenwood, which went to the last green, but they won there, and so the stage was set for a battle royal, on level terms, for the final.

A SNOWY stage it looked, next morning, but snow had all gone from Ganton by ten o'clock, when Miss Lees and Miss Newell hit two really fine drives down the first hole. As I told you, the crowd were ecstatic about their golf, and, beyond dispute, it was very good indeed. For a dozen holes—a baker's dozen, in fact—there was nothing in it, and the position then was square. Then Miss Hartopp, who really had carried the side at intervals throughout the week, pulled her drive into the gorse, and a sudden landslide started, which lasted until Miss Mary Johnson put a superb niblick out of the seventeenth bunker to within two feet of the hole for the match.

Nothing more remained except the prize-giving, with Captain Worsley, the Yorkshire cricketer, to do it all most charmingly, including a greeting, as a brother-magistrate, to Miss Newell, whose appointment as a Justice of the Peace for Derbyshire had come through that morning, and a reminiscent eye on the cups, one of which had decorated the family's sideboard in the keeping of his sister. She, by the way, was a most welcome spectator of the final, even if some people found it hard to remember to call her Mrs. Brotherton.

The weather had done its worst, but at least it had kept dry, and the only thing that really suffered was the National Playing Fields. You really could not blame anybody who had no wish to take out a card in such cold and wind. Still, £4 6s. 6d. was arrived at, with a few kind contributions and a putting sweep in which nobody olaimed any winnings, and at least it was a really good card which won both Mrs. Dunlop-Hill's handicap challenge trophy and the scratch prize, for Mrs. Swinscoe, of the Dore and Totley Club, ex-champion of Yorkshire, returned 80—4=76, exactly equalling par.

Folk are clamouring already to know where next year's Northern are to be, and no fewer than three clubs have invited us. Which is intensely flattering, but as none of them are in the district where we are due in 1936, those delightful invitations must be declined for the moment. But I do hope they may be held over, for they are Seacroft, Pannal, and Woodhall Spa. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Les Parfums de Schiaparelli

Schiap Pour le Sport

Soucis Pour la Ville

Salut Pour le Soir

21 PLACE VENDOME, PARIS • 6 UPPER GROSVENOR ST., LONDON, AND AT ALL LEADING STORES

There was an old fellow named Hughes
Who suffered each day with the blughes ;
Till his doctor laconic
Said "Daily—Schweppes Tonic"...
Now the roseate Hughes blughes eschughes.

Schweppes

TONIC WATER

- does you Good

The Arthur Dunn Cup Final

L. B. Blaxland, captain of the Old Salopians, calls for three cheers for Mrs. Dunn after she had presented the Arthur Dunn Cup. The final of this Old Boys' Competition was played at the Crystal Palace, and the Old Salopians beat the Old Wykehamists by three goals to nil

Roehampton Tennis

Mrs. List (left) and Miss Pat Brazier. The former showed a return to driving form when she beat Miss Brazier in a long three-set match in the Hard Court Tournament at Roehampton, but succumbed in round 2 to Miss Harry

The Foursomes at Addington

Mr. Francis Francis (Sunningdale), who played in the Addington Foursomes Tournament with A. Boyer, of Nice. He is seen on his way to the club-house with his wife, who, previous to her marriage, was Miss Sunny Jarman

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

NOT so very many days ago, I sat in a sky-high Press box and watched Scotland beat England in the Hampden Park "Soccer" International. Away down there below were nearly 130,000 spectators; and outside the big Glasgow ground—home of the famous amateur side, Queen's Park—were another 30,000 people.

Staggering figures, these. Just fancy, 160,000 folk ready to see a "Soccer" match! And this Hampden Park game is not an isolated case in big football, or, for that matter, in the public's heightened awareness to the glamour of sport generally. We see, year by year, increases in the attendance figures at the Wimbledon tennis tournament, at the Rugby Internationals, at ice hockey, speedway, racing and the rest.

THIS big increase of interest in sport is, I happen to know, being given close attention by such men as A. J. Elvin, Jeff Dickson, General A. C. Critchley, and others. And, unless I am much mistaken, they are realising that there is no stadium in Britain large enough to house our sports crowds.

Take the Cup Final crowd. Each year we see some 93,000 people at Wembley; and I dare say there are 90,000 more who have tried to get into the Stadium. Sometimes, indeed, I get the impression that they all apply to me for tickets! As it is, I believe that if Wembley were enlarged to hold a 200,000 crowd, we should see every seat taken for the Cup Final and, too, for the England v. Scotland "Soccer" International.

And now take a look at things Twickenham way. This season the match with Wales attracted a record crowd to the Rugby Union's headquarters; and here again I believe that several more thousands would have turned up had they not been afraid that the gates would have been closed against them.

WHAT does all this show? Straightway, I state that the time has come for the big impresarios of sport to get together to see about building a huge arena somewhere in the heart of London where every one of our national games can be staged. No doubt we would get some of our sport mandarins — especially Wimbledon and Twickenham officials — holding up their hands in holy horror if this idea were to materialise. But, surely, they would, in the end, see the advantage of a national sports arena, well able to house every spectator? No longer would good cash have to be turned away from the box-office because of that irritating sign, "Ground full"; more, the day of the ticket profiteer would be over for good and all—and that would certainly be a blessing for every one of us.

AND now, for a paragraph or so, let us discuss the forthcoming Cup Final between Sheffield Wednesday and West Bromwich Albion. If anyone believes in omens, then the trophy will certainly go to West Bromwich, for I hear that the Albion have secured No. 1 Dressing-room in the customary draw made by the Finalists' officials. Now, when they were last at Wembley—they beat their near neighbours, Birmingham, by two goals to one—the Albion changed for the match in No. 1 Dressing-room. And, such is the way footballers regard luck, they are looking on their success in this draw as a good omen. However, I am not so sure that they are going to be lucky, for the Wednesday are a pretty formidable side these days.

I do like, however, the splendid spirit of the Albion. Although the shadow of Wembley is over them, they are going into their League games, week by week, with the will to win. Now, this is unusual, for your Cup Final team is desperately anxious to avoid injuries in the League encounters. But Albion are different. I saw them play Tottenham Hotspur a few weeks ago, and by their desperate anxiety to gain both points, you would have thought the Midlands club were facing relegation—and not the 'Spurs!

DID you notice the report that a plague of leather-jackets has been worrying the groundsmen at Lord's? These leather-jackets—the larvæ of the "Daddy-Long-Legs"—play havoc with cricket pitches, feeding on the roots of grass, to leave big, barren patches of earth on the surface. Well, I happen to know that Lord's are fighting hard to attack the plague, for there is a very real fear at cricket's headquarters that the pitch will not be ready for the opening games of the season.

I trust that Lord's is not thus badly hit. As I said only a week or so ago, there is every prospect of a cricket revival at St. John's Wood, with R. W. V. Robins striving to put Middlesex back on the County Championship map. As it is, however, the M.C.C. first go into action at Lord's, so that there is just a hope that the pitch will be in condition when the County side begin their matches.

Writing of cricket reminds me that Louis Duffus, probably the foremost expert on the game in South Africa, has been giving some interesting details on the touring side

Some

A quartette of Competitors: Mrs. Nelson and Miss M. Lauson (Ganton), Mrs. J. Mayne, and Miss B. Tidswell (Headingly)

The Fight of the Sexes at Stoke Poges

Jack McLean (Hayston), Miss Enid Wilson (Notts), L. G. Garnett (Addington), and Miss Pam Barton (Mid-Surrey). The men won this tie by four and three, and the whole match by ten to eight after conceding a half. Miss Joyce Wethered played the top match in the singles against McLean and won by five and four

The "Old Tin Mug"

Miss M. N. Haley, daughter of the President of the Yorkshire Rugby Union, handing the trophy of victory to A. B. North, captain of Halifax, who defeated Harrogate by fourteen points to nil

we 'll be seeing here this summer. Duffus says that the South Africans are considered uncertain in bowling, but that the batting is looked upon as very strong. Indeed, there is a feeling that the batsmen are the best sent to this country in post-war years.

The man I am wanting to see, however, is C. L. Vincent, a bowler who may play havoc among our teams. The new leg-before-wicket rule will, I think, be right up Vincent's street, and I shall not be surprised to see him getting a crop of wickets. And then there is Bell, who is a forthright sort of bowler—strong, and ready to go on putting his arm over until he drops. As it is, these "suspects" South African bowlers may give our men a shock or so.

"THEY never come back." I heard this phrase—it is always cropping up in sport—when a friend was discussing Bobby Jones's performance in "the Masters'" tournament on the course the American helped to design at Augusta. It seems true enough in the case of Jones, for the former supreme golfer was only a pale shadow of his former self.

Still, in a way, we 've just had an illustration of a golfer who has "come back"—or, at least, re-discovered his best form. I refer, of course, to Archie Compston, whose triumph over Padgham, at Roehampton, was very impressive. Compston has been practising for many months to get his short game working smoothly, and if Roehampton is any sample of his form this season, then he is going to come back right to the front in tournament play.

I am glad of this. Compston has always appealed to me for his splendid qualities. Things may not have been going right for his game these last couple of years; but we 've heard no complaints. Very quietly and very thoroughly he has set about recapturing his form. And now, it seems, his patience and persistency have been rewarded. So here 's my tip for this season's big golf—watch Compston.

The Champion of Belgium

Miss Nelly Adamson, the eighteen-year-old champion of Belgium, who won her first English lawn tennis tournament at Herga, Harrow, when she defeated Miss Whitmarsh in the final, after having disposed of Miss Betty Nuthall in an earlier round. She also reached the final at Paddington, but succumbed to Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall in three sets

More of the Competitors in the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes at Ganton, Yorks

Mrs. C. P. Heselton and Miss C. Gaunt (Scarborough), Mrs. Counsel, and Mrs. H. L. Walker (Lytham and St. Annes)

Miss D. French and Mrs. F. F. French, both of Brough, from which club there were several entries

Mrs. S. Earle, Mrs. N. Johnson (Hornsea), Mrs. F. Soppitt (Baildon), Miss P. Campenett (Bradford), Mrs. J. Heaton, and Mrs. J. Gemmell (Wilmslow)

Golf Clubs at Home

Malden, Surrey

A View of the Club-House

(1) F. R. Pike (the club secretary), H. V. Culpan (captain), and B. W. Murrell (ex-captain). (2) A. J. O'Regan, V.C. Farrin, and G. Tolhurst. (3) D. W. Keith, G. J. S. Booth, and G. E. Baldry (ex-captain). (4) W. H. Mason and K. B. Bayliss. (5) T. J. Smith and W. H. Bird. (6) W. H. Child, D. R. Brodie (committee-man), and D. S. Bennett. (7) G. W. Sadler and T. H. Bloxham. (8) George Gadd (the professional) and W. Laidlaw (assistant professional). (9) A. H. Fiddler, Edward D. Davies, H. W. Wadsworth, and A. J. Southern

If offered a Player's Cork Tipped Cigarette you appreciate the compliment . . . if you offer one you can be sure its smooth smoking qualities added to its pure cork tip make it doubly acceptable.

PLAYER'S 'MEDIUM' NAVY CUT CIGARETTES CORK TIPPED 20 for 11½ 50 for 2/6

N.C.C. 277.B

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Past and Coming Meetings

Sociable Foursomes—

Two of the competitors: E. Gibbs and Cameron Anderson

—The Antlers of Mid-Surrey

W. B. Pilling and W. H. Anderson waiting at the first tee

WHEN this issue of the BYSTANDER appears, you will know who has won the Halford Hewitt Cup, but as I write the competition has yet to be played. This year there was the record entry of forty-one schools, represented by 410 players. Since the draw, the Old Gregorians have been forced to scratch, as they have had difficulty in getting a side together, possibly due to the absence of their star player, my predecessor, Captain F. G. L. Fairlie, who is at the present time in Hollywood, writing plays for the cinema-screen. It seems a great pity that this, the largest golf competition of the year, numerically, and one of the most enjoyable, should fizzle out in a final played on Monday morning, when the only interested people on the course consist of the players and, approximately, their cat and another. I sincerely hope—and there are many who are of the same opinion—that "ways and means" will be found to play the final on Sunday afternoon, when many of the defeated will find pleasure once again in watching their conquerors, before returning to their usual occupations, the majority of which demand their presence on Monday morning. I feel sure the custom in general use in golf matches of the best players starting first, and the worst players starting last, is entirely wrong, as it places far more responsibility on the poorer players than on the better ones. I remember in one University match, before the war, the last two players, who were not very great golfers, were having a nice, quiet, and as friendly as possible game, in perfect peace, without a single spectator, when, with about four holes to play, the rest of the team and all the spectators arrived and informed them that the whole issue depended on their match. They played very badly, and one got home by one hole by topping less shots than his opponent at the last hole. It must be extremely disconcerting for players playing round without spectators suddenly to find a large gallery arrive and that the whole result depends on their match, an occurrence which happens on innumerable occasions during the Halford Hewitt tournament.

A MATCH between Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley's team of amateurs and G. W. Oke's team of professionals, which was in reality a trial match to assist the selectors of our Ryder Cup team, was played at Fulwell on April 2nd. The professionals conceded a start of two holes at each match, and at the end of the day's play honours were even, each side having won 11 matches. The amateurs won the foursomes by 4 matches to 3, and lost the singles by 7 matches

(*Continued on page* iv)

HARMONY

EVEN AMONG the discriminating clientêle who grace the books of this unusual firm, there are some who lack a sense of colour.

There is the type which appreciates to the finest degree the artistic proportion of our style; he may have suggested that the lapels of a coat should be a fraction of an inch narrower, the waistline a suggestion lower; and then, when the last refinement has been effected, he ruins the whole effect by wearing the wrong tie.

Such a thing outrages the soul of the artist who designed and cut the suit for him. The firm feels a moral responsibility for the complete sartorial appearance of each of its customers.

Sometimes, in this speed age, a man has not the leisure to pick out the right shirts and ties to blend or contrast with his new suits. For this reason we installed, two or three years ago, a selection of silk ties as a convenience to our customers. The service was appreciated, especially by our American and Overseas customers, whose time was particularly pressed and the side-line has grown until it now needs an expert to handle it.

This expert we have now found in the person of Mr. Harold Budd, the celebrated tie designer. He is with us now at Old Bond Street, and has designed ranges of ties to blend with the various colourings of our own exclusive materials.

LOUNGE SUITS FROM 10 GUINEAS • DINNER SUITS FROM 15 GUINEAS • DRESS SUITS FROM 16 GUINEAS.

ALLPORTS
21-23
Colmore Row
BIRMINGHAM

POPE & BRADLEY
LIMITED
14 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1.

Pope & Bradley's
other London address:
11-13, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

THE PERFECT PIPE

The BARLING

Entirely British Made

The merits of the Barling pipe have for generations been outstanding. Barling pipes are the result of over one hundred years of British Pipe Craft. No better pipe can be obtained at any price. Medium 10/6. Large 12/6.

Barling

PIPE CRAFT

In any difficulty in obtaining, write B. BARLING & SONS, 9 Park Street, London, N.W.1, or 'Phone: Gulliver 1600. Est. 1812. The oldest firm of pipe makers in England and producers of the World's Finest Pipes.

Brings Life and Beauty to the Hair . . . .

Every morning rub just a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL well into the scalp: this will ensure that luxuriant, lustrous hair of which you will be so proud and your friends so envious. It does not make the hair sticky.

Send for free booklet about the hair.

FAMOUS FOR 140 YEARS

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6

A. Rowland & Sons, Ltd., 22, Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1

THE FINEST DRY SHERRY

Pintail

6/- PER BOTTLE

Ask for it at your favourite Restaurant, obtainable through Wine Merchants everywhere, or direct :: from ::

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON,
Perth, Scotland.

CASH ADVANCES BY POST

£30 to £5,000.

To Ladies or Gentlemen on note of hand alone

WITHOUT ANY SECURITY.

RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD., 4, The Green, RICHMOND, SURREY.

THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Revised from January 1, 1935.)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months including Xmas Number.	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras.	Three Months, No Extras.
Inland ..	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Canada ..	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 10 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£ s. d. 3 5 0	£ s. d. 1 13 8	£ s. d. 1 11 4	s. d. 15 9

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
346, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER,
weekly for _____ *months*
commencing with the issue of
_____
for which I enclose _____
Name _____
Address _____
Date _____ *1935.*

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3l.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(Continued from page ii)

to 8. It was a very good performance on the part of the University leaders, Lucas and Pennink, to win their foursomes, but both were somewhat comfortably defeated in the singles. It was pleasing to note that, on the professionals' side, the youngest player, Max Faulkner, did not lose a point for his side. He took part in two very close matches, as he and T. Pierpoint only got home by one hole against Henry Longhurst and F. McGloin, and in his single, he halved his match with F. McGloin. No fewer than 11 of the 18 singles went to the 17th green or beyond. One of the best players on the amateurs' side was Hector Thomson, who beat R. A. Whitcombe by 3 holes up and 2 to play. Thomson is a magnificent player, and I think the most likely of the players domiciled in the British Isles to win the Amateur Championship at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's this year. In the foursomes, Hector Thomson and Jack MacLean won a great match against Abe Mitchell and Charles Whitcombe by holing the last hole in 2. I do not think the golfing public realise how much we are indebted to Charles Whitcombe for Henry Cotton's success in the Open Championship at Royal St. George's last year, when the Championship Cup was won by a British professional for the first time in eleven years. Whitcombe played with Cotton on the last day, and no one could have had a better partner, especially in that last trying round, when victory at one stage appeared probable instead of certain, as it had at the start of the round. Whitcombe played extremely well, quickly, quietly, and with no fuss, and what more can any man desire in a partner in a medal round? If Cotton had had a partner who annoyed him and got on his nerves by slow play and numerous practice swings, he might very easily have taken six more strokes in that disastrous last round of 79, when, at one stage, with the exception of the drives, every shot was going astray. If you, in after years, are present (and I feel sure you will be) when the Open Championship of 1934 is being discussed, do not forget the part that Charles Whitcombe played in assisting, to no small extent, Henry Cotton to win it.

THE Golfers' Club Open Amateur Meeting, for which the chief prize is the Golfers' Club Challenge Cup for the best scratch score over 36 holes medal play, was played over the Old and New Courses at Sunningdale on April 3rd. The weather was extremely unfavourable for good play, as a strong wind was blowing till late in the day, it was very cold, and storms of snow and sleet were experienced at intervals during play. How bad the weather was can be fully realised when it is seen that, out of an entry of over sixty, limited to players of 8 handicap and under, only four players returned scores better than two 80's. In spite of the vile weather conditions, two players put up extraordinarily fine performances. Robert Sweeny and D. B. Anderson each returned 74 in the morning on the Old Course, an extremely good score when it is realised that the last three holes, which can usually be reached with a drive and a medium iron shot, were two full shots for the long player, and out of the range of the majority. When D. B. Anderson came in in the afternoon with a score of 73 on the New Course, he was hailed as the winner; but, unfortunately for him, Robert Sweeny, who was a late starter, and fortunate to play in much better weather conditions, as the wind had abated, returned 68, which beat the record, held by D. H. Kyle, by one shot. Sweeny's card consisted of three 5's, eight 4's, and seven 3's. It was very just that D. B. Anderson, who had been so unlucky not to win the scratch prize, had the consolation of winning the handicap prize, a very difficult performance playing off a handicap of plus 1.

R. C. Shaw and D. R. Otway. The competition was won by E. F. Storey and Sir W. S. Worthington-Evans with a score of 152

AN interesting competition in the near future is an Open Mixed Foursome Meeting at the West Sussex Golf Club at Pulborough. This competition takes place on Sunday, May 5th, and consists of 18 holes medal play in the morning, and 18 holes against bogey in the afternoon. Scratch, as well as handicap, prizes will be presented. Men must have a handicap of 12 or better, and ladies an L.G.U. handicap of 10 or better, to enter. Pulborough possesses a most delightful and picturesque course, and anyone who enters can be assured of a most enjoyable day. The Founders of the Club were fortunate to find a stretch of light, sandy land in the middle of an agricultural district.

At one time the Mammoth was the monarch of the jungle—but now he is extinct, because he could not adjust himself to altering conditions, and made no effort to better himself. Shell, on the contrary, by ceaseless determination to improve, has not only kept its unchanged name for 27 years, but is every day growing in reputation, and keeping "one jump ahead." This is an interesting illustration of the survival of the fittest—or alternatively, of the law of "natural selection."

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

SHELL

Ready Soon—Shell Guides to KENT, DERBYSHIRE and WILTSHIRE, 2/6 each, of all booksellers, *order now.*

radio-active brine Bathing in the radio-active brine at Droitwich is an exhilarating experience, for, so great is the density of the brine water, it is impossible to sink. ● This bathing forms one of the treatments for rheumatism and allied ailments, and this and the other forms of bath treatment combined with the Bio-Chemical Laboratory and Medical Electrical Department has made Droitwich one of the foremost spas in England. ● Write for full particulars and amenities to the Superintendent, 13, The Brine Baths, Droitwich Spa.

DROITWICH SPA
for relief from
RHEUMATISM

What's On

(Continued from page D)

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LOHENGRIN: To-night, 7.45.

THE MAGIC FLUTE: April 18th, 8.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION: April 20th, 2.30.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: April 20th, 8.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: April 22nd, 8.

CASSE NOISETTE and RIO GRANDE: April 23rd, 8.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

MESSIAH.—With the Royal Choral Society and the L.P.O.; Malcolm Sargent conducting: Albert Hall, Good Friday, April 19th, 2.30.

ST. JOHN PASSION.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the Philharmonic Choir and B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, Good Friday, April 19th, 7.30.

Stratford-on-Avon

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Stratford-on-Avon.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA: to-day, 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT: to-day, 8.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR: April 18th, 8.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE: April 19th, 2.30.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA: April 19th, 8.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR: April 22nd, 8.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: Birthday performance: April 23rd, 8.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Second edition of the "1935 Follies," presented by Carl Hyson and Leslie Roberts, Louis Simmonds's band and Java's Tziganes: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and grill; cabaret at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Diamond Brothers play their tricks at midnight; dancing to Jack Harris, who presents Ann Howard: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing on Tuesdays: special band and cabaret, and extension.

DORCHESTER.—A new show, with the Le Roy Prinz girls, the Three Sailors, and some star dancing; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The "1935 Monte Carlo Follies" have arrived, and are in the grandest form: extension, Thursday.

SAN MARCO.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret: extension, Wednesday.

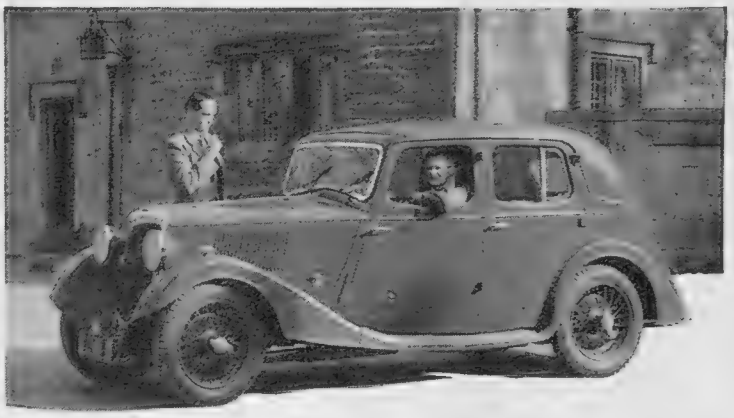
SPORT

RACING.—Spring Meeting: Epsom, April 23rd-25th.

GOLF.—Open Meeting: Woodhall Spa, April 20th-23rd.

TENNIS.—Hard Court Tournament: Melbury, April 15th-20th.

MOTORING.—B.A.R.C. Races: Brooklands, Easter Monday.



HOW TO GAIN CONFIDENCE

TO say one owns a Riley is to cause a respectful lull in the smoking-room conversation of averages, revs., and how-I-passed-a-straight-eight-last-Sunday. One's previous exaggerations become astonishingly true with the acquisition of a Riley—it might almost be said that it breeds confidence off as well as on the road! You may never be a good driver, but, owning a Riley, you will be counted as one. Certainly it is the easiest of all cars in which to observe the hundred-and-one things required of the modern motorist, and at the same time to arrive unruffled, on time and entirely trouble-free at the end of the run. One might almost suggest borrowing, if not actually buying one, to undergo the Driving Test. Most people who have borrowed one eventually buy one any way.

OWN A

RILEY 1½ LITRE

AND DRIVE WITH CONFIDENCE

1½ Litre Falcon Saloon, £335. 1½ Litre Kestrel Aeroline Saloon, £345. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. Annual Tax £9. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

Clubs Without Quarters

(Continued from page 117)

was almost bald, even when he played for Cambridge—and the pair met heavily, the half-back unfortunately breaking his collar-bone."

Attendances were nothing like so large as they are to-day in big matches, though, on an average, two thousand people would watch an ordinary Corinthian game at the Oval.

Of other famous players of the past there was C. Wreford-Brown, G. O. Smith, Tinsley Lindley, and Morgan-Owen. Then what about the Ashton brothers and Hegan, who played for an hour and a half with a fractured tibia against Millwall; and J. S. F. Morrison and A. G. Bower? Howard Baker stands supreme among Corinthian goalkeepers since the war, and one of the features of his play was his prodigious kicking. On two occasions he achieved the amazing feat of sending the ball over the opposing goal-line direct from a goal-kick. One of the most cheerful players was F. H. Ewer, despite innumable concussions and the loss of several teeth. There is still a tradition at Charterhouse that G. O. Smith used to be able to dribble the ball right through the whole school. He was England's centre-forward upon many occasions.

To-day Corinth is undergoing a cycle of defeat. In the past two years nine of their best players have retired from the game, and meantime Oxford and Cambridge are not turning out such good players, for the reason that many schools are taking up Rugby. In addition to that, our professional footballers wallow in foam baths all the week, and turn out on the field fighting fit. The result is that, with the exception of the victory over Guildford last season, the Corinthians had not won a match against a professional side for two or three years.

There is no real regular captain of the first team, though W. T. Whewell, who plays all over the place, is usually in charge when available. W. H. Webster, who comes from Highgate; Flying-Officer J. M. Warfield, who is still a bit green; G. A. Strasser, the Cambridge full-back; and H. C. H. Hill, are all coming along nicely. B. Joy, who plays centre-half for Corinth, also plays centre-half for the Casuals. Of players who still turn out for Corinth, A. H. Fabian has played for Derby County, Webster has played for the Arsenal Reserves, and Shearer has turned out for Londonderry. The last full international cap that Corinth can boast was Bower's against Wales in 1927.

Corinth is indeed a club without quarters. The Crystal Palace ground is only used in a cup-tie, and this season they were knocked out in the first round by Watford. There is also a small room on the second floor of No. 6, Mincing Lane, where R. G. Stevenson, the honorary secretary, makes up his card. Most of the players are schoolmasters. All told, there are four or five hundred past playing-members of the club, and fifty current playing-members. But now that the Football Association no longer exempts the Club until the third round, which takes place at the beginning of January, there is little hope of Corinth ever producing a team able to survive the first rounds, played in November; and so, like the ancient Grecian city from which it takes its name, it looks as though it must in future survive on its past. —Charles Graves.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON. APRIL.

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

For Social Hospitality, Chaperonage, Introductions, Shopping Service, Governesses, Children's Home Schools, Nannies.

UNIVERSAL AUNTS

Sloane 5101 LIMITED.

37, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

ROSS for HEIGHT!

Client, age 19½, gains 5 ins. in 6 weeks.
" " 21, " 5 " in 5 mths.
" " 20, " 3½ " in 16 days.
" " 30, " 2 " in 4 weeks.
" " 40, " 1¼ " in 6 weeks.

Increased my own height to 6 ft. 3¾ inches.
No Appliances—No Drugs—No Dieting.
—ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS—
Hundreds of Testimonials from all over the world. Fee £2 2s. complete. Details Free.
Write now:—MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, Eng.

STRATHSPEY

For Glorious Holidays

NEWTONMORE — KINGUSSIE — KINCRAIG — AVIEMORE — CARR BRIDGE — BOAT OF GARTEN — DULNAIN BRIDGE — NETHY BRIDGE—GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY

are the Resorts of Strathspey.

697 to 800 feet above sea level.

All are set in the finest and most impressive scenery; all look out on the Mighty Cairngorms; all share in the great pinewoods at their base, and in the scenic delights of the glamorous Valley of the Rushing River Spey. GOLF, TENNIS, ANGLING, RAMBLING, MOUNTAINEERING, and all out-of-door pastimes are enjoyed here at their best. Hotel, Boarding House, and Private Accommodation for holidaymakers is first rate and plentiful.

Cheap Holiday Tickets and Express Services to the Strathspey Resorts by L.M.S. and L. & N.E. Railways.

Illustrated Guides post free from Advertising Secretary (Dept. 13), at each resort

CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR.

By C. AMBLER.

Copies in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture 15 × 10¼), at **5/-** each.
Copies signed by the artist **10/-** each.

Postage in each case 6d. extra.

Or framed complete in best quality ½" Polished Black Moulding, as shown above, with Plywood back and glass. Size overall 20¾" × 16¾". Packed in Wooden Crate and Carriage Paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) **10/6** each.

Or copies signed by the artist **15/6** each.

Orders with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS,
346 STRAND, W.C.2.

STRATHPEFFER SPA.

STRONGEST SULPHUR WATER IN EUROPE.

Season opens May. Accommodation and Pump Room Charges Reduced in Early Season. Write Strathpeffer Advertising Committee (Dept. 21), Strathpeffer.

MONTHLY RETURN TICKETS DAILY BY L.M.S.

Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, April 17, 1935.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

Life flows superlatively at

GLENEAGLES HOTEL

One of the World's Wonder Hotels

IN a corner of the Sun Restaurant, a well-known racehorse owner was entertaining . . . on the left, an eminent Cabinet Minister and a Peer of the Realm were engaged in secret conclave . . . about Golf! Beauty, character, age and youth intermingled; yet the brilliance of the scene was not surpassed by the scenic panorama without . . . The haunting vista of the Ochill Hills, with the purple splendour of Ben Lomond, Ben Venue and Ben Lowers in the far-flung background.

What a supreme holiday centre Gleneagles is. Three perfect golf courses, with Gordon Lockhart, that golfing genius, to improve your game. Tennis and Squash courts and Pogson Smith to "cure" your faults and arrange matches by day and bridge at night. Dancing? Orlando and his band, with Phyllis Haylor and Charles Scrimshaw as hosts. And what a wonderful G.H.Q. Gleneagles is for touring Scotland. And really not expensive. In Spring and Autumn from 25/- a day. In Summer from 30/- a day. Tariff and full particulars from Resident Manager, or Arthur Towle, Controller, Central Bureau B, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.

Direct Restaurant & Sleeping Car Services by L.M.S.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)

In Active Preparation

DANCING CITY. An Operetta.

Produced by ANDRÉ CHARLOT.

HOTEL

COME HERE FOR SUNSHINE

In the long sun-lounge of the Royal Victoria you get the benefit of every ray of sunshine on the south coast. The ideal spot for Spring holidays. Private suites of 3 to 5 rooms. Lift to all floors and to three miles of level, dry sea-front. 200 bedrooms, each with hot and cold water. From 4½ gns.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *Tel.: Hastings 869.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

LE TOUQUET Easter.

HOTEL DES ANGLAIS. In Forest.

HOTEL REGINA. Adjoining Casino. Facing Sea.

Both hotels now under management H. MOSESCO.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp —Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best Hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Antibes, A.M.—Grand Hotel du Cap —The world's famous summer resort. All water sports. Apply for booklet.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.–Spend Easter at the **Hotel Miramar.** Its New Grill—where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms with priv. bath.

Cannes.—Hotel du Parc.—Finest situation in large park facing sea. Patronised by best British society.

Juan-les-Pins. — Les Ambassadeurs.—Facing beach and casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone. Moderate terms

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

GERMANY.

Berlin. — Hotel Alhambra. — Best quiet position at 68, Kurfurstendamm. Each room priv. bath, wireless, telephone. From RM.8.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel, zum Hirsch.—150 rooms. All Comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension M.9 up.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk.Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Leipzig —Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Mannheim.–Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.–Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8

Wiesbaden.— Hotel Rose.—World renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronized by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden.–Gr'd Htl. Kaiserhof.–200 beds. First class, in quietest pos. in own large park. Thermal water, Swim.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

ITALY.

Bellagio (the Wonderland).—**Hotel Grande Bretagna.**—The maximum of comfort and distinction with most moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva —The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—La Residence.—First-cl. Res. All comf. Spl. Roof gdn. Ten. Open-air Rest'nt. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First class at reasonable rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house. Latest comf. R'ms. from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

Zurich-Dolder.—Dolder Grand Hotel—1,600 ft. Golf in front of Hotel—Wonderful view—Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

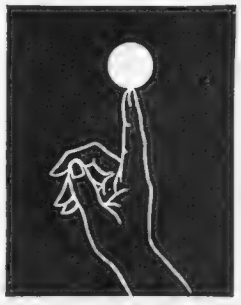
Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

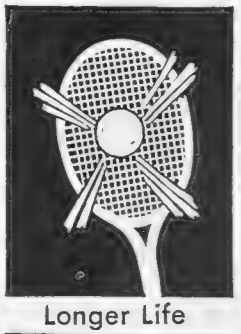
THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

SPALDING

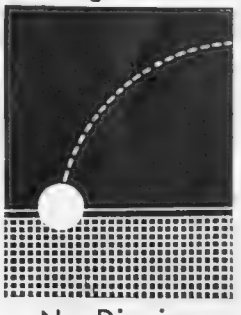
TENNIS BALLS are ALWAYS UNIFORM



Perfect Balance



Longer Life



No Dipping

No Floating

L.T.A. OFFICIAL

per box **6/6** of 6 balls

to Clubs 6/-

"A.G.S."..... 5/-

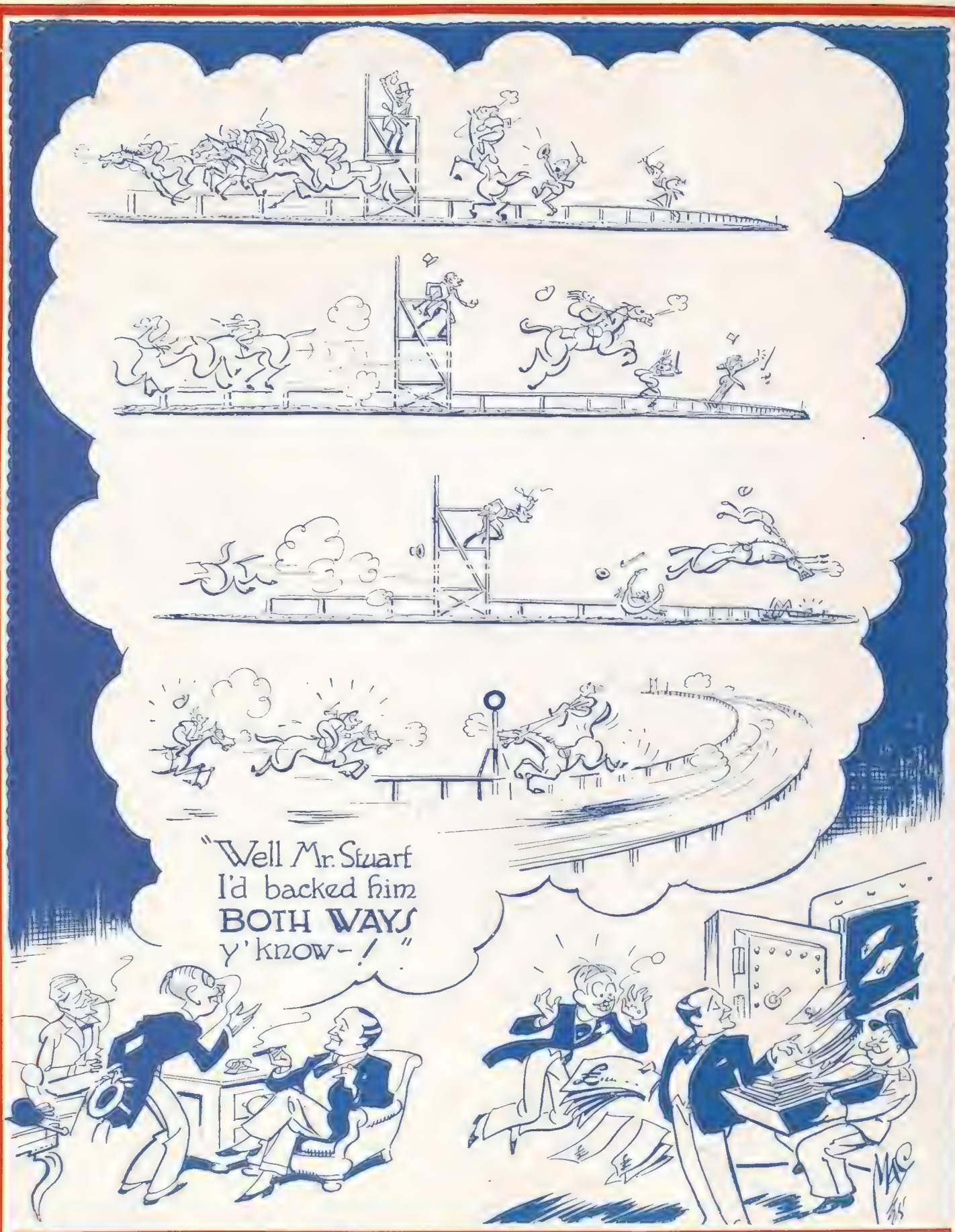
"OLYMPIC"..... 4/3

OF ALL SPORTS DEALERS

Catalogue from

Spalding, Putney, London, S.W.15

290



Douglas Stuart

Humour, like satisfaction, is not necessarily confined to fiction. The truth is that Duggie has over 10,000 satisfied clients.

Write to-day and open a credit account yourself

STUART HOUSE LONDON W.C.2

EVENNESS · UNKNOWN BEFORE
IN THIS NEW AND DISTINGUISHED
FACE POWDER BY LOUIS PHILIPPE
POUDRE ANGELUS "calligénique"

Rub a bit of Poudre Angélus on the back of your hand - and on your wrist; - despite the difference in skin texture you will note at once its PERFECT EVENNESS.

◆ THE QUALITY OF EVENNESS distinguishes the natural complexion from incompetent make-up: the unblemished skin tones of youth are *re-created* as well as *nurtured* - smoothly - deftly - utterly without the "mask" effect so distasteful to smart women.

◆ Poudre Angélus Louis-Philippe cannot give a lumpy or mottled effect because the skin absorbs just the needed amount *and no more.*

◆ A Powder so fine, so uniform, so tenacious that it will last all day, this unique "*calligénique*" *Face Powder* offers a new and economical assurance of loveliness.

◆ Six shades - discreetly perfumed; NATURELLE, RACHEL, OCRE, OCRE ROSÉE, SUN-GOLD and SUNTAN; *one of them is yours.* In delightful engraved gilt coffrets at 4/6d, refills at 3/6d at all leading chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

LA POUDRE ANGÉLUS
Louis Philippe
CALLIGÉNIQUE
OF THE SAME RARE QUALITY AS THE ROUGE ANGELUS

R.R. BOUCHÉ PARIS

Harrods
show '1935 Beautility'
STOCKINGS
with 'Reverse' Knit

● A sheer and clear silk yarn knitted with the dull side on the outside, giving a natural dull finish and far greater resistance against pulled threads and ladders.

These 1935 Beautility Stockings are exquisitely fine, flawlessly clear and smooth, with sole and suspender hem made from the finest Lisle which matches perfectly with the silk.

In all sizes from 8½ to 10½. Shades are our own, specially dyed to tone with the new Spring Suits and Frocks. Suntouch, Java-Tan, Distingué, Tea-Dance, Greige, Bengali and 'Tropica,' the new pale-gold shade.

3'11

The Sign of Straightforward Shopkeeping.

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Douglas

Camilla Style

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Style, of 46, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7, and is engaged to Anthony Morris Marsham, younger son of R. A. Morris Marsham, of Birling Ashes, West Malling, Kent

Douglas

Claire Huth Jackson

Is the youngest daughter of the late Rt. Hon. Frederick Huth Jackson, and Mrs. Huth Jackson, of 48, Ladbroke Grove, W.11, and is engaged to Lois de Loriol, son of the late G. T. de Loriol, and Mrs. de Loriol, of Cologny, Geneva

Kay Vaughan

Eileen Burningham

Is engaged to Patrick Whitcomb, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Whitcomb, of Toberonochy, Hampton-on-Thames; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burningham, of The Barn, Woking

Pearl Freeman

Daphne Schroder

Is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Schroder, of The Rookery, Nantwich; her marriage to C. J. F. Platt, 3rd Hussars, son of Mrs. A. J. F. Platt, of Barnby Manor, Newark, took place in Cheshire last week

Lenare

Nancy Pickering

Is engaged to Peter Benton Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Benton Jones, of Whirlow Brook, Sheffield; she is the daughter of the late Warley Pickering, of Hutton Hall, Guisborough, and Mrs. Pickering, of Compton Court, Eastbourne

Kay Vaughan

Rhoda Eridge

Is the daughter of the late Col. Lockwood Eridge, and Mrs. Chapman, of 59, St. Quentin Avenue, W.10, and is engaged to William Arthur Wilson, of Barakat, Sudan, son of Mrs. A. F. M. Wilson, of Prova, Drem, East Lothian

Lenare

Anne Stewart-Sandeman

Daughter of Mrs. Douglas Charles Stewart-Sandeman, of Martins Heron, Bracknell, Berks; she is engaged to Mervyn Wingfield-Stratford, Scots Guards, son of the late Francis Wingfield-Stratford, of Firgrove Manor, Eversley, Hants

Lenare

Daphne Cooke-Hurle

Is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. J. A. Cooke-Hurle, of Holne, Devon, and is engaged to Lieut. Francis W. B. Edwards, R.N., son of the late Capt. W. F. B. Edwards, and the Hon. Mrs. H. P. Currey, and grandson of Lord Greenway

Hay Wrightson

Sheila Torrance

Is the only child of Major and Mrs. J. H. Torrance, of 45, Courtfield Road, S.W.7; she has announced her engagement to George E. Mellersh Jones, only son of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. M. Jones, of Alton, Hants

Russell

Cecilie Mary Couch

Is the only daughter of the late Lt.-Com. H. W. Couch, and Mrs. Couch, of Blenheim House, Clarendon Road, Southsea; she is engaged to Lt.-Com. D. W. Deane, R.N., of Ballybrack, Southport

Bassano

Juliet Stanley

Is the daughter of the late W. B. Stanley, and Mrs. Stanley, of Coolamer Manor, Westmeath, and Lilybrook, Budleigh Salterton; she is to marry Anthony D. R. Wingfield, 10th Royal Hussars, only son of Col. the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Wingfield, of Wyck Hill, Stow-on-the-Wold, on May 16th

Bassano

Rhonie Greenwell

Verona Beatrice Greenwell is to marry Maurice Pryor at St. George's, Hanover Square, on April 29th; she is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. Greenwell, of Summers Place, Billinghurst, Sussex, and niece of Sir Bernard Greenwell

McMichael—Kennedy

Dr. Neil McMichael, only son of the Rev. Dr. Duncan and Mrs. McMichael, of Largo, Fifeshire, and Marjorie Etienne Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kennedy, of Hermitage Drive, Edinburgh, and granddaughter of the late Sir Robert Inches, were married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

Peters—Clay

Lt.-Com. Geoffrey Hendley Peters, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Peters, of Merstham, and Cicely Clay, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. H. Christie Clay, of 7, Ridgmount Gardens, W.C.1, leaving Christ Church, Woburn Square, after their wedding

Treadwell—Gibson Watt

Below: Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, of Crosbie Tower, Troon, Ayrshire, and Mrs. Louise Newman, of 21, Park Mansions, S.W.1, leaving St. Columba's, Pont Street, after their wedding. They have gone to America for their honeymoon

Glen-Coats—Newman

Harrison—Saynor

Above: another naval wedding was that of Commander E. Harrison, R.N., who comes from Ayrshire, and Beth Saynor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Saynor, of Ditton Hill, at Long Ditton Parish Church

Left: Capt. J. W. F. Treadwell, Scots Guards, son of the Rev. F. W. Treadwell, of Buscot, Lechdale, and Ann Verity Gibson Watt, daughter of the late Major Gibson Watt, of Doldowlod Hall, Radnorshire, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Llandrindod Wells

Right: Geoffrey Sandford Hall, of Tunbridge Wells, and Christine March, daughter of the late R. H. March, and Mrs. March, of Little Dyke, Limpsfield, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Humphreys-Davies—Crompton

George Peter Humphreys-Davies, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Humphreys-Davies, of Southfield, Eastbourne, and Barbara Marion Crompton, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. G. Crompton, of Whitecourt, Alfriston, Sussex, were married at St. Andrew's, Alfriston

Philpott—Watts

Richard Llewellyn Philpott, of Eaton Row, Hobart Place, and Dodo Watts, the film star, were married at Our Lady's Chapel, Westminster Cathedral

Hall—March

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

AND A WOMAN PASSED BY.—By Vernon Sylvaine, with Ion Swinley as an unfaithful husband, Kathleen O'Regan as his wife: Duke of York's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE ALCHEMIST.—Ben Jonson's comedy of tricksters and dupes makes as good laughing stuff as ever, with Hugh Miller, Austin Trevor, and Iris Hoey as the top tricksters: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's performance as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's intensely interesting play is finely acted by Ralph Richardson as one partner in a small and failing business, Harcourt Williams as the other, Victoria Hopper, Ann Wilton, and James Harcourt as employees: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., and Easter Monday, 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., and Easter Monday, 2.30.

EVERYMAN.—This moving and lovely fifteenth-century religious play is beautifully played by Marie Ney, Richard Ainley, Russell Thorndike. Also the Chester Morality, THE PLAY OF THE SHEPHERDS: Ambassadors, 8.30. (except Mon. and Fri.), 2.30 (except Thurs.).

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—If quarrels amuse you, go see Lilian Braithwaite's grandmother and Athene Seyler's dithering aunt in Gertrude Jennings' family comedy: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY IV., PART I.—George Robey makes a superb and most living Falstaff—a performance not to be missed; the rest of the cast is a fine one, and includes John Drinkwater, Edmund Willard, Patrick Waddington, Lady Tree: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JUSTICE.—First play of a Galsworthy festival; Stephen Haggard as Falder, Gwen ffrangçon-Davies as Ruth Honeywell: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., and Easter Monday, 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE OLD LADIES.—Hugh Walpole's story makes a strange play, of Grand Guignol grimness and horror, with brilliant acting by Edith Evans, Jean Cadell, and Mary Jerrold: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD II.: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THERE GO ALL OF US.—A play of the law courts, with Matheson Lang as defending counsel, Beatrix Thomson on trial for her life, Aubrey Dexter, Douglas Jeffries: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah, Olga Lindo is Abigail Hill; the story is as human as historical: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., and Easter Monday, 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City imposter who gets away with it; Kay Hammond as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.—A revival for the West End in the Lyric, Hammersmith, manner, with Isabel Jeans as Lucy Lockit, Joan Collier as Polly Peachum, Charles Mayhew as Macheath; Frederick Austin conducts: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

CHAR-A-BANG.—The new Charlot revue, with Elsie Randolph, Iris March, John Tilley, and Reginald Gardiner: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Lively, original, and good-humoured. Frances Day gives full personality value, and Arthur Riscoe is a gloomily comic foil for her: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LET 's GO GAY.—An intimate revue, with Rex Evans as conpère, Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Queenie Leonard, Richard Goolden: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 57.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

STOP PRESS.—The lighting and décor and the dancing stand out for excellence; the humour is less sophisticated; Phyllis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson are the stars: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Run suspended from April 15th to 22nd.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale, and Bobby Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs.. Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BARNET'S FOLLY.—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., and Easter Monday, 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE AND LET LOVE.—Good entertainment for low-brows; Peter Haddon is as usual, Claire Luce is his wife, Martin Walker the intrusive third in this farce: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Yvonne Arnaud, Frank Lawton, and Ena Burrill in a comedy by Keith Winter that 's only partly good entertainment: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—This extraordinary show continues to give its audiences a chance to join in: Kingsway, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

THE CASINO MURDER CASE.—A thriller with Paul Lukas and Alison Skipworth as stars: Empire.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in the film version of the historical play; Colman makes a good-ish Clive: Tivoli.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—A successful screen reproduction from Hollywood of the Dickens story and atmosphere; with Freddie Bartholomew and Frank Lawton as David, boy and man, Edna May Oliver as Betsey Trotwood, W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber: Palace.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elizabeth Bergner as fascinating as ever as Gemma Jones, with Hugh Sinclair as the caddish Sanger hero: London Pavilion.

FIGHTING STOCK.—A Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce for those that like them: New Gallery.

THE FOUNTAIN.—Ann Harding, Brian Ahern, and Paul Lukas in the film of Charles Morgan's novel. And CARGO.—A thriller with Fred MacMurray, Sir Guy Standing, and Ann Sheridan: Plaza.

LAC AUX DAMES.—Vicki Baum's story has Jean-Pierre Aumont as hero, Simone Simon as the enchanting "Puck"; lovely settings and photography: Academy.

THE LITTLE MINISTER.—Another London showing of Katharine Hepburn's performance as a Barrie heroine: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

ROYAL CAVALCADE.—The great Jubilee picture; all the historic events of twenty-five years, with a huge cast of celebrities and stars: Regal.

THE SACRED FLAME.—Colin Clive, George Brent, and Josephine Hutchinson in the screen version of Somerset Maugham's play: Capitol.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

SKYLARK.—A French air-thriller comedy, with Noel-Noel, Fernandel and Junie Astor: Curzon.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: Olympia, to April 18th.

ENGLISH POTTERY (OLD AND NEW): Victoria and Albert Museum, from April 15th.

DAFFODILS SHOW: Horticultural Hall, April 16th-17th.

PAUL NASH.—Recent water-colours: Redfern Gallery, Old Bond Street.

LONDON VAN HORSE PARADE: Regent's Park, April 22nd.

(*Continued on Page* v)

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

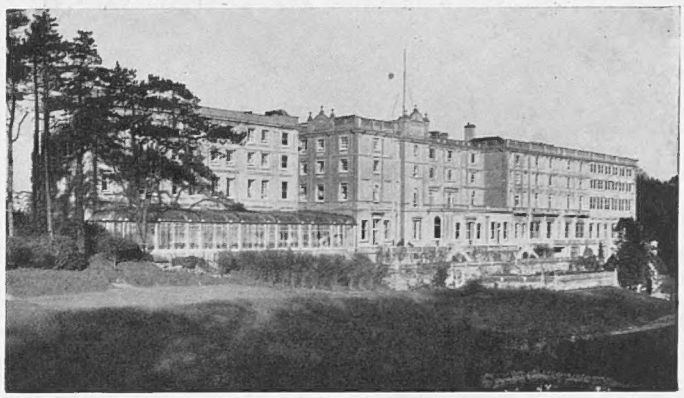
THE chic of an Emile coiffure is something which strikes the eye in an instant. The more one examines a head dressed by Emile the more one is inclined to agree with those who say that it *pays* to go to a hairdresser of Emile's reputation. It pays in the same way that it pays to go to a big modiste or dress designer, for fame is so rarely a matter of chance. The coiffure illustrated is one of Emile's latest; it is equally suitable for day and evening wear, and can be adapted in a variety of ways to suit individual types. 'Phone or write for an early appointment to discuss the most suitable hairdressing for YOU. If your hair needs perming or tinting, have it done by Emile's expert hair-artists.

EMILE LTD.

24/25, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 6263, Telegrams: Ondulateur, Piccy, London.

NATIONAL HOLIDAY



Of course, we should like to entertain ALL of you during this wonderful Jubilee year, but although the Palace has been enlarged three—or is it four?—times (and is still far from celebrating its OWN Jubilee) some of you would have to be under canvas on our golf course.

Apparently Britain's Tired Business Men have so wholeheartedly agreed with the National Holiday idea as to render it advisable for you to book at the Palace well in advance—especially for our breath-taking beautiful May and June.

We shall naturally have our own special jubilations based on a solid foundation of golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, gymnasium, swimming pool, sun lounges, dancing, talkies, entertainments; and everything as usual included in the terms.

STOP PRESS!

Clemson and Valerie, Dance Host and Hostess, in special numbers they will present at London's Jubilee Balls. ★ ★ ★ Small Course Golf Championship in Palace Grounds: May.

PALACE TORQUAY

'Phone: Torquay 2271

FOR EASTER

Le Touquet

THREE GOLF-COURSES

Daily Air-Service with Croydon.

The Casino de la Foret

OPENS APRIL 18th, and will not close until October.

Special Jubilee Festivities on the week-end of May 5th.

HOTELS

Westminster

in Pine Forest, close to Casino, 250 rooms, all with bath.

Grand Hotel

On the Beach—Central. 200 rooms, 150 bathrooms.

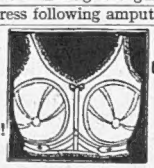
BEAUTIFORM

Trade Mark **BREAST REDUCER**

Adapted for Sleeping as well as Day Wear

Strengthens the Breasts which thereby REGAIN NORMAL BALANCE and SIZE

Assists in eliminating disfigurement and distress following amputation



Supports! Controls! Revitalizes!

Consultations by Appointment

Dept. *Registered Design.* Welbeck 9121

78, BAKER ST., PORTMAN SQ., LONDON. W.1.

Be Sure to Order your JUBILEE NUMBERS

For full particulars, see page 2 of cover.

YOU want Best Seats WE have them

FOR ALL

JUBILEE EVENTS

PROCESSIONS,
ROYAL TOURNAMENT,
ALDERSHOT TATTOO,
NAVAL REVIEW etc
THEATRES etc

KEITH PROWSE

159, New Bond St., W.1. (REGent 6000)
48, Cheapside, E.C.2. (CITy 1781)
and Branches throughout London.

Keith Prowse & Co., Ltd.

★ WARNING— Insist on "TINGLOW" and get the friction brush with the BRISTLES, because it's the BRISTLES that give the invigoration. Substitutes for BRISTLES are useless for friction and skin health.

Wonderful aid to health and fitness... says NANCY BURNE

NANCY BURNE, the famous film Star, says :—

"The Tinglow Body Friction Brush is a wonderful aid to health and fitness. It adds a new joy to the Bath and gives a really delicious feeling of exhilaration. Just a few minutes' rub down every day keeps me full of life and vitality."

Beauty Culture Experts and famous Athletes use and advise the TINGLOW. It frees the pores of impurities, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up the whole body. You feel, and you look fit.

British Made of the finest sponge and purest bristle. In assorted colours from Boots, Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.
Standard size for Ladies, 5/6
Large size for Gentlemen, 8/6
or direct from HINDES LTD., 60, Parker St., London, W.C.2, or Birmingham.

HINDES "Tinglow" BODY FRICTION BRUSH

Patented in all Countries.

>> BRISTLES WITH FITNESS <<

Her Figure is the Envy of All

SHE doesn't have to diet or go in for violent exercises in order to keep her figure. She's learnt that it's far better and safer to rely on a morning glass of Kutnow's Powder.

Kutnow's Powder is a pleasant saline which breaks up and eliminates surplus fat and ensures a daily clearance of waste food products from the system.

Half-an-hour before breakfast tell your maid to bring you a glass of warm water with about a dessert-spoonful of Kutnow's in it, stir briskly and drink it off. Make this a morning habit and you'll make sure of keeping slim, active and youthful, and having a figure which is the envy of all.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

OF ALL CHEMISTS. HOME PRICE 2/9.

Essential for all Good Cocktails

POLLEN White Curaçao

Made from the CURAÇAO PEEL of the finest oranges grown on the Island of Curaçao, West Indies.

Try it in your next cocktail.

CURAÇAO *is a Dutch Liqueur and* POLLEN *is the firm that make it.*

DISTILLED IN HOLLAND FOR CENTURIES